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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXIII. }

No. 2301.—August 4, 1888.

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Vol. CLXXVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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GOING SOUTH.

A LITTLE grey swallow
I fled to the vales
Of the nightingales
And the haunts of Apollo.

Behind me lie the sheer white cliffs, the hollow
Green waves that break at home, the north-
ern gales,
The oaks above the homesteads in the vales,
For all my home is far, and cannot follow.

O nightingale voices!
O lemons in flower!
O branches of laurel!

You all are here, but ah not here my choice is:
Fain would I pluck one pink-vein'd bloom
of sorrel,
Or hear the wrens build in some hazel
bower.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

MORT AU CHAMP D'HONNEUR.

THE Austrian has stolen on us, our men are
scattered wide,
Ill for France if he win yon fort where the hills
divide;

Much were the gain if we held it but for a day
and night.

"Be mine," said Latour d'Auvergne, "to
warn them and aid the fight."

Horror and shame! Their arms were there,
the cowards were gone:

Grimly he set his face: short time, and much
to be done.

Loopholes were cut, gates barred, the mus-
kets lashed in a row,

The tricolor flung to the breeze, and then—
to wait for the foe.

So quick and true his aim, and so fast the
Austrians fall,

That the path is choked with their dead, and
at eve they sound the recall;

With morn came a flag of truce: "Yield, for
our cannon are here,

Or we breach your wall." "In two hours'
time if no help be near."

So the day and night had been gained, and
staggering under the weight

Of twenty muskets, a weary soldier steps from
the gate.

"Single against a host! By heaven! 'twas
nobly done.

Men, bear for him the guns, his burden the
flag alone."

"Rank for this man," said Napoleon. "Nay,
general." "Well, if you will,

First grenadier of France, be a simple cap-
tain still."

So with no selfish aim, for France with heart
and with hand,

Bravest where all were brave, he fought in
many a land.

His no ruffian thirst for blood, for plunder, or
pay,

First in the charge, his duty done, he would
turn away.

Nature he loved, and she to him had revealed
her lore;

Loved to ponder the problems of life with the
sages of yore;

Till the death order came, and a glorious life
to crown

He fell with his wounds in front, and smiled
the death-pang down.

How shall they honor him dead who in life
held cheap what men prize?

Titles and crosses he spurned. Said one, —
"On the spot where he lies

Dig him a soldier's grave; let our flag be
round him laid;

But for his heart from our pay shall a silver
casket be made;

There we will shrine its dust, and his spirit
shall lead us yet."

Added the master of soldiers' hearts, — "And
when ye're met,

First, as in life, on the muster-roll ye shall
call his name,

And his oldest comrade answer, 'Dead on
the field of fame.'"

Morn by morn it was heard, and Austrian and
Russian reeled,

Where those veterans swept to the front,
kings of the battle-field;

Morn by morn it was heard, till the Bourbon
came and the time

When to have fought for Napoleon and France
was held a crime.

Never did nobler service nobler guerdon earn,
High in the roll of heroes, place for Latour

d'Auvergne!

Spectator.

H. T. R.

TUBEROSES.

THE tuberoses you left me yesterday
Leans yellowing in the glass we set it in;
It could not live when you were gone away,
Poor spike of withering sweetness changed
and thin.

And all the fragrance of the dying flower
Is grown too faint and poisoned at the
source,

Like passion that survives a guilty hour,
To find its sweetness heavy with remorse.

What shall we do, my dear, with dying roses?
Shut them in weighty tomes where none will
look,

To wonder when the unfrequent page un-
closes,

Who shut the wither'd blossoms in the
book?

What shall we do, my dear, with things that
perish

Memory, roses, love we feel and cherish?

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE IMPARTIAL STUDY OF POLITICS.

BY PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY.

SINCE Burke vindicated in such a memorable manner the party system in politics, it has taken an extension which probably he never dreamed of. It is a curious speculation what estimate he would have formed of those larger developments of his principle which the nineteenth century has witnessed. For, indeed, there is a great distance between his cautious assertion, that "no men can act with effect who do not act in concert," and some modern applications of the doctrine of concerted action. He himself lived to see Girondists united, as he had recommended, in "Friendship's holy ties," and, from the view he took of the parties of Revolutionary France, perhaps we may conjecture how he would have regarded those later examples of concerted action which have been effective on a large scale. Some of these we are accustomed to approve, as the Anti-Corn-Law League; others we disapprove, as the slavery party and the railway rings of the United States; while about others again we are divided in opinion, as, for instance, the Parnellite party or the Socialist party. But I doubt if Burke would have approved any of them.

It is indeed evident enough that he foresaw, even before the French Revolution began, the tremendous potency of that engine of party concert. But in the quiet English world of those days he was not afraid to set it in motion. There existed then no deep, incurable differences of principle. Nothing fundamental, either in religion or politics, was attacked. Had he rewritten, thirty years later, his "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent," he would perhaps have laid it down that party concert was only beneficial where differences of opinion were confined to secondary questions, and would have denounced, with all the eloquence of his passionate old age, those party divisions on fundamental principles which have the nature of civil war, sometimes even of religious war. For us it is as useless to denounce these things as it is useless to denounce the French Revolu-

tion. We cannot prevent or avoid them. But let us, at least, be alive to the dangers that attend them. They act upon our habits of thought. They accustom us to consider public questions in a spirit as unfavorable as possible to the discovery of truth. They produce a kind of epidemic lunacy, such as history sometimes exhibits to us in nations that are on the eve of great disasters.

Some humble efforts, in which I have had a share, have lately been made to grapple with the specific evil of this mental disease produced by party spirit. These efforts have chiefly proceeded from the universities, and have been more or less connected with the movement of university extension. The Social and Political Educational League, in which such men as Mr. J. K. Stephen, Mr. Fossett Lock, and Mr. Howard Hodgkin have taken a leading part, lately held a meeting, to which I communicated an address I had delivered two years ago to a similar society, the Cardiff Association for the Impartial Study of Political Questions. An imperfect report of this address drew from M. Ostrogorski—who has lately published, in the "Annales de l'Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques," the best sketch I have ever seen of the history of parties in the United States—the remark that the reform I advocate ought to be "the *ceterum censeo* of all men who think." I am glad, then, to avail myself of the editor's permission to lay the address before the readers of the *Contemporary Review*.

The impartial study of political questions! If political questions—that is, questions of the public well-being—are all-important, if an interest in them is among Englishmen universal, it might seem scarcely necessary for you to found a society, or for me to deliver an address, in behalf of the impartial study of them. For surely all honest, serious study tries at least to be impartial. Surely there can be no more obvious cause of error than partiality. The judge, when he addresses the jury, warns them against yielding to bias or prejudice; the scientific man in his researches is especially on his guard

against that tendency to a foregone conclusion which spoils all investigation and reduces it to a mockery. Surely there can be no exception to the rule that study should be impartial — surely there cannot be subjects in the study of which partiality is to be recommended or not to be condemned.

Yet somehow this undertaking of yours, that you will study political questions impartially, sounds strange and startling, and you seem to feel it so yourselves. Perhaps what is strange is that politics should be regarded and spoken of as a matter of study at all. Yes! Let us frankly admit that we may naturally be a little startled, a little alarmed, to hear politics classed offhand, as we might class arithmetic or geography, among subjects of study. Politics concern our greatest interests, and therefore excite our warmest feelings; not among studies, not among sciences, we class them more naturally among higher things, by the side of religion, honor, morality. To be a politician is to be warm, eager, earnest, devoted; the virtue of a politician is to be staunch and zealous in the cause he attaches himself to; and that sort of cold indifference which seems implied in impartiality appears not only not a duty, but actually a sin, in politics.

You do not mean, I am sure, when you undertake to be impartial, that you will for the future cease to be earnest and eager politicians, that you will renounce all strong, clear, sharply cut opinions, or even that you will for the future regard the strife of political parties with indifference, as if it no longer concerned you, much less with contempt as if you were raised above it. And yet how can this be? How can you be impartial and partial at the same time? How can you at once maintain the passionless objectivity that befits the student, and the ardor, the unflinching decision, without which a politician is good for nothing?

There is no real difficulty here, and yet there is so much apparent difficulty that it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the point. By partiality we do not mean strong and decided opinions. Of course, when you hear very unsparing and rancor-

ous language used, very uncompromising courses recommended, you may suppose that you are among strong partisans — that is, partial people. But it is not necessarily the case. Opinions formed with perfect impartiality may be strong and uncompromising; the strongest opinions are often the most impartial, even when such opinions are most strongly and passionately expressed. I was surprised, the other day, to hear a friend say of M. Taine's book on the French Revolution that it was evidently partial. He said so because M. Taine has taken a very unfavorable view of the Jacobin party, and has spoken of them in very unsparing language. But does this, by itself, prove him to be partial? If so, what are we to do when we have to deal with great crimes and great criminals? Are we not to describe them as they are? Partiality means a deviation from the truth. When then the truth is extreme, terrible, monstrous — and this is sometimes the case — partiality would be shown not by strong but by weak language. If the Jacobins really were the monsters M. Taine believes them to have been, it was impartiality, not partiality, to describe them as he has done. Everything depends on the fact, on the evidence. Now my friend put the question of fact entirely on one side. He inferred the partiality of M. Taine immediately from the warmth of his language. What struck me was that he did not profess to have examined the evidence and found the charges brought against the Jacobins groundless. He only argued, The picture is extreme, therefore it must be partial. M. Taine writes with strong indignation, therefore we are not to trust him.

Now, I say, indignation, strong feeling, is not necessarily partiality, and therefore strong language is no proof of partiality. Partiality is the sacrifice of truth to a party. In order therefore to convict a writer of partiality, you must show that he was connected with a party at the time when he made his investigation, and that this has prevented him from discerning the facts or estimating them accurately. And yet M. Taine tells us that when he formed his estimate of the French Revo-

lution he had no party connection. All the passion he now shows has been aroused in him, so he says, by the study of the facts, and therefore it cannot have prevented him from studying them properly. Nor does it now prevent him from seeing them; on the contrary, he feels it precisely because he sees them so clearly. Of course, my friend had a perfect right to arrive at a different conclusion. But, even supposing M. Taine to have made a great mistake about the Jacobin party, he would not, I think, be fairly chargeable with partiality. For partiality does not merely mean error or exaggeration, it means specifically that kind of error or exaggeration which is produced by judging of things under a fixed prejudice, under a party bias.

This, at any rate, is what you mean when you undertake to study politics impartially. You mean merely that you will consider the facts without bias. You do not undertake that when you have considered them no strong feeling or passion shall arise in your mind. You will not begin your studies with a political bias, but you do not undertake that your studies shall not give you a strong political bias. Nay, your object is to acquire a firm political creed. And what reason is there to think that this creed, when you have found it, will not be as sharply cut and positive as those old party creeds which you refuse to regard as authoritative? There is nothing in the impartiality you aim at which is inconsistent with the strongest feeling or the most decisive action.

In a country like this, where party passion has been so much indulged and has burned so hotly, the opinion, the political creed, of most people has been imposed upon them like the religion in which they were born. They have lived in it as an atmosphere of which they were scarcely conscious, or if they have become aware that questions have another side, that opinions different from their own are tenable and even plausible, they have soon found that it was not so easy for them to change their atmosphere; that they broke ties, disappointed hopes, suffered inconvenience, perhaps incurred serious loss,

when they tried to establish an independent political position for themselves. You do not, I suppose, complain of this. You recognize that political activity imposes a certain amount of restraint upon individual opinion. I for my part should go as far as most people in admitting that there must be compromise, that there must be party subordination, that we must sometimes waive a conviction, sometimes stifle a misgiving. Practical life has exigencies which the theorist is slow to admit. It would be so delightful if we could always act simply in accordance with our convictions. But, alas! it happens sometimes — nay, my historical studies lead me to think it most commonly happens — that men have to act on the spur of the moment, and must act with decision, when they are tolerably well aware that they have no solid opinion. Through the greater part of history, it seems to me, political action has been a leap in the dark. And yet the leap had to be taken. The problem has generally been, not, What is it right to do? but, Granted we do not know what is right, yet since we must do something, what will it be safest on the whole for us to do? In such circumstances the best course of action is but a makeshift, and a rude organization is prepared to regulate it. We select a leader in whom we hope we may confide, we rally round him and surrender our opinions to his; he shapes for us a creed to which we resolve to adhere, and which we try to regard as true enough for practical purposes. And then it becomes a virtue to be loyal to our party; and soon to be too nice about the party creed, to indulge in independent thought or in impartiality — all this begins to seem unpractical, perverse, fatal to party discipline, tending to confusion. Is not this unavoidable? Must we not make the best of it?

But now when such party discipline is maintained for several generations together, the alloy of falsehood that was there from the beginning accumulates, until the quantity of it becomes prodigious. In the end, the heady, drugged liquor that we drink mounts to the brain; the fog of falsehood that settles over us, fed continually by speeches in Parliament,

speeches at the hustings, speeches and leading articles everywhere, begins to blot out the very heavens, till we stagger, blinded and choking, in an atmosphere composed of the lies of many generations, which lie in layers one above another, where no breath of fresh thought has been suffered to disturb them. It is then that we begin, if we are wise, to say to each other, Come and let us make an impartial study of political questions.

Surely such a crisis has now come upon us. The portentous disruption that we have just witnessed must surely give rise to a certain amount of political scepticism, must lead us to revise our method and look with some little suspicion into the logic by which we have been in the habit of ascertaining political truth. Misgivings were hushed in the triumphant years when Liberalism marched from victory to victory. An observer indeed might find it hard to grasp the theory of the thing. By what process a new crop of Liberal doctrines always sprang up when Liberalism seemed exhausted by success, how the new doctrines were so easily proved to be truly Liberal even when they appeared inconsistent with the old, whether there was any limit to the power of developing new doctrines, similar to that which Father Newman attributed to the Catholic Church, with which Liberalism was credited — these and a hundred other doubts occurred to the observer, but the party was not troubled by them. For why? The party was successful. The prodigious agreement and enthusiasm with which each new discovery was welcomed, the prodigious success which attended each new development, seemed like signs of a divine inspiration, and Liberalism, like Catholicism — from which indeed it borrowed much — overwhelmed opposition by an appearance of unanimity, universality, and certainty. But this dream of unanimity is now surely dissolved. Under the name of Liberalism we see now what different, hostile views were confused together. The utopia of a world governed by a consensus among all rational civilized people, where force would be scarcely needed except to control a few obstinately perverse representatives of the older state of things, surely this is gone. And if so, all the difficulty, all the bewilderment, comes backs upon us. We must seek some other note of truth, now that the old Catholic one — *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* — in its modern paraphrase, the agreement of the civilized world, has failed us. What

can we do then? What else in political questions but what we do in questions of another kind? If we would know the truth about a subject we study it. If then we would know the truth about politics, let us devote ourselves to the impartial study of political questions.

For after all politics may be looked at in another, in quite a different way. Instead of an arena of contest, in which Tories, Whigs, and Radicals are marshalled against each other, in which the same old watchwords are eternally repeated, the same reckless popular arguments continually furnished up anew — an arena, in short, of action and adventure — we may speak of politics as a department of study, if not of science. We may talk of political science, or political philosophy. There is no difference of opinion about this. All parties have what they call their principles, profess to assert certain political truths, refer to great writers who are supposed to have established the doctrines which it is their business to reduce to practice. These principles, these doctrines, must clearly be matter of study; if they are erroneous, the party that founds on them must needs go wrong; so too if they have been misconceived or misapplied. How is it then that we hear so little of politics as a matter of study? How is it that they are not taught in schools or at universities?

Well! this is the way of the world. It is the fate of all great doctrines which have momentous practical applications to be lost in their applications, to fall into the hands of practical men who trouble themselves but little about their abstract truth and think exclusively of making them prevail, and themselves prevail with them. Of the immense crowd that in a country like this take part in politics only an individual here and there has any taste for the theoretic side of them. To the majority the principles are mere solemn platitudes which give dignity and respectability to the pursuit; for them the real business begins when the personal element enters, when elections take place, when A. wins and B. loses, or when an institution is attacked and a grand fray takes place, exciting all the emotions of battle and ending in a distribution of spoils. Not that they could do without the principles! No; half the pleasure of the fray consists in the proud sense of fighting for something great and high; they like immensely to feel themselves champions of the truth, crusaders. But their own business is with the fighting;

the principles they take more or less on trust. Some one else, no doubt, has inquired and philosophized; they are content with the results. A grand war-cry is the main thing; this, and a short argument to save appearances, will suffice for the theoretical part. And so they plunge into the fray, not suspecting that in many cases the measure they support does not really embody the principle they profess, that sometimes the so-called principle is a mere ambiguity which sounds so grand just because it is hollow, and that sometimes when it is most solemn and most impressive it is nevertheless entirely untrue.

I wish people could understand that it is not enough to have principles; they must have true principles. We talk sometimes as if principles were grand things in themselves; we admire great historical struggles, on the ground that it is a proof of a noble energy when people are found ready to make sacrifices for principle. Better, no doubt, is energy than mere stagnant indifference; but I often think we forget, or do not sufficiently consider, how great is the instinctive, almost automatic love of fighting in the human animal. Sacrifices for principle! Well, but was the principle true? Did the combatant, before he entered the fray, ponder conscientiously, methodically, the principle on which he acted? Did he impartially consider the question? For if not, and this is the commoner case, the struggle, war, or revolution was not really for principle; it was only an outbreak of the combativeness which is our besetting sin, and principle was not really the motive of it, but only the pretext. History is full of these sham wars of principle, of which the main result is to bring the principle itself into discredit. In religion and in politics the noblest doctrines gradually lose their sacredness through being turned into the war-cries of hypocritical parties — parties which professed to have been moved by these principles to take up arms, when in fact they took up arms for the fun of it and then sheltered themselves under the principle.

No one has any right to talk of principles, either in politics or any other great subject, who has not made a methodical study of the subject. Principles of this sort do not come to us by inspiration. At this time in the world's history, when on every subject such stores of information have been collected, when method has been so carefully considered, and so many false methods have been exposed and

renounced, we must cease to confound principles with party cries, or to imagine that any high-flown sentiment or jingling phrase is true enough to fight for or good enough to hold a party together. We must be serious. In other departments we have long been impatient of hollow phrases. In scientific investigation, for instance, the phrase, the swelling oracular maxim, is utterly discredited — it is scouted as mediæval, as belonging to an obsolete system. Principles of quite a different sort reign now in that department, principles slowly arrived at, provisionally admitted, until a prodigious weight of experience confirms them, and if accepted at last, liable even then to disappear in further developments and higher generalizations. But it is still quite otherwise in the political world. There it seems that no corresponding advance has been made. There the old watchwords still reign; there the old vague, blustering terms — liberty, equality, and the rest of them — and the old maxims, traditional commonplaces of party rhetoric, live on in a world where all else is changed. Surely, in these days we want words less pompous and more carefully defined, principles better tested and better suited to the modes of thinking of the age.

I do not know but that you may be disposed to regard me as something of a sceptic in politics. Not so, if it is scepticism to doubt whether truth in politics can possibly be attained, for I have more belief than most people in the possibility of giving precision and certainty to our knowledge in this department. But I am a great sceptic about the current political system. For, in the midst of all our party divisions, there has grown up a sort of accepted political creed, a doctrine which is held to be almost beyond controversy, the settled result of civilization and progress. It is supposed that all enlightened men are agreed upon this doctrine, and that by it all the principal questions of government are settled, so that really not much now remains open to question. I am indeed a great sceptic about this supposed creed of civilization. I believe it will not bear examination, and that scarcely any article in it is final. I believe that of those principles upon which all enlightened men are supposed to be agreed, many are not even true. That imposing semblance of a final agreement, in which before long all controversy will be merged, appears to me a complete illusion, an illusion of a very ordinary kind. The appearance of agreement is only the result

of vagueness in the use of language; the fabric looks solid only because we are not allowed to come very near it; the propositions sound satisfactory only because they have never yet been analyzed.

How, indeed, *can* this system be true? Where, how, and by whom was it framed? It did not grow out of an impartial study of political questions. It sprang up in the midst of party controversy, in minds heated with opposition and contending for interests. Party conflict may be necessary, and for certain purposes good, but it is not a school for the discovery of truth. To discover truth requires impartiality first, next contempt for mere popular success, then continuous, patient, often difficult trains of reasoning. All these are necessarily wanting in the party strife, where votes must be obtained at whatever cost, and where it is vain to urge anything, however essential to the demonstration, which is not popular, immediately intelligible, obvious to the meanest capacity. In those conflicts truth may be propagated, when it has been discovered by other means, but it can neither be discovered nor proved, and the most splendid triumph at the polling-booths leaves the question of truth precisely where it was. We could imagine a great and final system of political truth springing up among us, if it were the work of political philosophers improving their methods and concentrating their efforts as philosophers have done in other departments, but it is not represented as having sprung up mainly in this way. By great party conflicts, by acts of Parliament, which have settled great questions practically for us, it is supposed that in some way truth has been discovered or at least proved, as if the ballot-box could be an organ of scientific discovery. Though I use so many words, I do but say perhaps a little more strongly and decidedly what you affirm by the act of founding this society. You say we should study political questions impartially. I say, we must put politics on a new basis — on a basis of systematic and reasoned truth. We must have, not Whig and Tory principles, handed down to us from the party conflicts of other times and enshrined in the rhetoric of ancient party-leaders, but principles of political science as taught by great thinkers and writers. Those great writers, whom we name with reverence, yet scarcely read, and seldom practically follow in our politics, must come now to the front, must take henceforth the lead. We must have masters whose style is calm, whose terms are precise, whose

statements are duly qualified, who see both sides of a question, and who know the history of the past — the Tocquevilles and the Mills; and we must make up our minds that if anything like agreement is ever to be reached on political subjects, it will not be by any amount of party agitation or by any number of victories at the poll, but by a sufficient supply of such teachers and by due docility in those who learn from them.

In other words, politics must become a branch of study, a matter of teaching and learning. But here perhaps I may seem to expect too much, and you may doubt whether your society can attempt a study which I represent as so scientific. You begin well by securing help from all the political parties. This of course is indispensable, and if you make due progress, the time will come when at your meetings you will have become so accustomed and so attached to the free scientific way of handling the subject, that you will almost forget the existence of those parties. I think you are right too, if, as I hear, you have decided not to proceed to a division at the termination of a debate. I like this, and think it is perhaps more important than some might suppose. Your object is to find the truth. Now a majority may be a very respectable thing, but it has no function in the investigation of truth. This is perhaps hardly a truism, if I may judge from the prevalent way of speaking. How often is some great act of Parliament, some Reform Bill, spoken of as if it had established a principle, as if in some marvellous way it had made something true and right which was not so before. But in the pursuit of truth, the number of votes is of no sort of importance. It is so wholly indifferent which side has the majority that you can infer nothing whatever from it. A majority has, it seems to me, no particular inclination to take the right side, but also it has no particular leaning towards the wrong. It belongs to political action, and has no place in political study.

So far, then, it appears that you have made excellent arrangements for a political debating society. But allow me, first, to warn you against resting content with a mere debating society; and, secondly, to suggest the possibility that your present plan may not prove sufficient to meet all your wishes, and may call for additions and further developments.

First, a debating society, whether impartial or not, is still a society simply for making speeches. In the debating socie-

ties that I have known, speech-making has been an end and not merely a means—nay, it has been almost the principal end. The main object which the members have had in view has been to acquire the power of expressing themselves in public with freedom and effect. No doubt, in any good debating society, the matter as well as the form of the speeches is considered; but distinctive excellence will appear chiefly in the form. Now what is it that you mean to encourage—just thinking on political subjects, or merely smart speaking? Do we want a new society for the purpose of training a few more of those talking-machines of which we have so many already, of encouraging that fluency in political platitudes which our party system itself encourages too fatally? I have assumed throughout this address that your object is precisely opposite, that you wish to acquire a firm grasp of principles, to lay a foundation of political knowledge in precise definition, luminous classification, trustworthy generalization, authentic information. This you hope to do by the co-operative method, by a society, by meetings. I would ask you to consider carefully the regulations which will determine the character of your debates. Bear in mind that clearness of thought has one eternal enemy—rhetoric. It is difficult to encourage eloquence and to encourage justness of thought at the same time and by the same methods. Your regulations ought to put some restraint upon the flow of rhetoric, to reduce as much as possible the temptations to display. Perhaps, for example, if you have some meetings where the audience is large, you might arrange to have other meetings smaller and more select. You might try to introduce dialectical discussion, which should proceed by rapid question and answer, objection and reply, and where the members should speak sitting. As your object is to assimilate political as much as possible to scientific discussion, you should study to borrow the forms of scientific discussion. Parliamentary forms, I think, should be avoided. Written papers should be encouraged, since writing almost imposes serious reflection. It will be of no avail to eschew partiality, if you allow yourselves to fall into the snare of rhetoric. Tinsel phrases, the childish delight in uttering solemn periods and hearing the sound of applause, bias the mind not less powerfully than party connection.

Another difficulty occurs to me. You intend to discuss political questions. But is it so easy to decide what questions are

political and what are not? Is it so easy to fix the limits of the political sphere? That question becomes urgent as soon as you begin to regard the subject seriously. Of course, if you are contented with delivering a series of set speeches which shall be greeted with applause, or if you intend merely to repeat the old story how the Whigs or the Tories have been always right and their opponents always wrong, the difficulty will not trouble you. But if you really entertain the notion of discovering truth, if you intend to investigate political questions seriously and renouncing all foregone conclusions, you cannot but soon make the remark how difficult it is to separate political questions from others which are not usually called political. If there is a science of politics at all, it must needs be almost the most complicated of all sciences. It deals with that curious phenomenon called the State, which is a kind of organism composed of human beings. The lives of individual men, even the greatest men, are included in the life of the State; almost everything indeed is included in it. Does not the very thought of studying such a vast comprehensive phenomenon, and of discovering the laws that govern it, give rise to a feeling of bewilderment? Does it not strike you that this study must rest upon other studies, that this science must presume the results of other sciences, and therefore that it cannot properly be studied by itself? Let me illustrate this by one or two examples. I will take almost at hazard some of the questions which are most likely to occupy you. I see on your list the question of free and fair trade. You will not doubt that this question is political; it is proved to be so by the plainest of all tests, for it decides votes at the hustings. But it is equally evident that the question belongs to political economy. The freedom of trade has formed the main topic of economists since the "Wealth of Nations" was published. Here then politics run into political economy. If you seriously mean to form an opinion of this political question, how can you evade the economical question that lies under it?

Or take the Irish question, which has convulsed the nation so recently. That, if any question, is political. But in the discussion of it what sort of argument is used? It is said that the Act of Union, by which the Dublin Parliament was brought to an end, was passed by corrupt means, that it did not receive the assent of the Irish people; and so on, and so on.

Well! are these statements true, or are they not true? This is evidently a historical question. To answer it you must consult the record of occurrences which took place at the close of the last century. In other words, you must travel out of politics proper into history. Does not this example show you how far you run the risk of being led, what complicated inquiries await you? Indeed, it seems to me that that immense and pregnant question which was so suddenly brought before us, the question of Home Rule, involves the greatest of those principles which political thinkers, using a historical method and availing themselves of that vast supply of trustworthy historical information which till a very recent time was wanting, have established. But have these principles been mastered as yet by our population? I think not. Our political commonplaces, those so-called principles the announcement of which sets all throats shouting and all hands clapping, are in a great degree exploded in the schools. In the schools the historical has supplanted the *a priori* method, whereas the party world still lives in the dregs of eighteenth-century Liberalism. That impartial view at which you aim is, in fact, a historical view. When the party scales fall from our eyes, what we see before us is simply history. "The thing which hath been is the thing which will be." Would you know what is wise and right in politics, you must consult experience. In politics, as in other departments, wisdom consists in the knowledge of the laws that govern the phenomena, and these laws can only be discovered by the observation of facts. Now, in the political department we call the observation of facts, history. If this is so, how can we avoid the conclusion that such a study of politics as you meditate cannot be separated from the study of history?

You will allow me, I am sure, thus frankly to point out the difficulties with which you will have to contend. It may prove that a more complicated machinery than you have planned is necessary in order to carry your purpose worthily into effect. And in that case it is, of course, possible that you may find on trial that you have undertaken more than you can perform in a manner thoroughly satisfactory. Even so your society might still be infinitely useful. Its discussions might be suggestive, even if they should not be exhaustive; they might give much, even if they should leave you hungering for more.

On the other hand, you may find yourselves able to give to your society that further development which the plan of it seems to me likely to require. What, in one word, is this further development? To discussion, it seems to me, you may wish to add methodical teaching, and to politics you may wish to add political economy and history. These, indeed, are vast additions; they would convert your debating society into something which we should describe by quite another name, into a sort of institute or college of the political sciences. You may not be prepared, and perhaps even it would not be wise, to look so far forward, to undertake so much at once, or even to indulge the thought of ever undertaking so much. But in a solemn commencement like this, it is impossible not to speculate, at least for a moment, to what height the seed now sown may conceivably grow. In an inaugural address, allow me to adopt for a moment the tone of an augur. It is now seventeen years since, in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge, I delivered a lecture on the teaching of politics. Ever since that time, but especially during the last ten years, I have observed in different parts of the country how the idea of regarding politics as a matter of teaching makes way, and how the demand for political teaching grows. The movement here connects itself in my mind with many similar movements which I have had the opportunity of observing, and therefore I think I can foresee the course it is likely to take. Now observe that if you find difficulties in realizing what you wish, you may get help. You want better knowledge, and you may possibly find, as I have said, the subject too vast for you to grapple with unaided. You may come to think that you want the help of economists and historians, if not of other classes of learned men. Your discussions may leave you craving for something more systematic; they may suggest doubts which you would like to refer to investigators of authority. If so, do not forget that the old universities are now very different from what they used to be. Whatever knowledge, whatever insight, can be found there, is very much at your service. If in former times their studies were too little practical, had too little bearing upon the questions which agitate the world, this can scarcely be said now. If in former times the scholars of the universities were wrapped up in monastic seclusion and took little interest in the topics of the day, this again can scarcely be said now. But you are not likely to

forget this, for I understand the University Extension lecturers have visited this neighborhood. Possibly, however, it has not occurred to you that the two schemes, University Extension and this Society for the Impartial Study of Political Questions, belong to and have an affinity with each other. We have at Cambridge economists, and we have also historians who do not shun the actual times in which we are all living. In the extension scheme, and other similar schemes, we have a machinery by which these academic teachers are brought easily within reach of those who in great towns like this feel the want of academic teaching. I do not overrate the value of this kind of help. The time was, no doubt, when such scholastic politics would have been regarded with contempt, and I do not suppose that even now you are accustomed to expect much light upon practical questions from the collegians of Cambridge and Oxford. Nevertheless, I think you have found out already that they have something to give, and if you will only persist in appealing for their help, I believe you will be more and more satisfied with the result. The demand will create the supply. They will find out what you want, and gradually they will prepare themselves to give it. Here, then, is my suggestion. You seem to recognize already that you will need help of some kind. You have asked distinguished men, some of them strangers, to deliver lectures which are to be introductory to your discussions. I say, then, for the future, when you want such lecturers, go for them sometimes to the universities. And if you find, as you may do, that on such a subject as free trade, for instance, a single lecture, or a pair of lectures, one on each side, is not sufficient, and rather disturbs your mind than quiets it, if you begin to see whole sciences and systems of thought lying under those political questions which you have undertaken to study impartially, then, I say, call the extension lecturers back to Cardiff, and supplement your debates by courses of lectures and by standing classes in political economy and in history.

You see, no doubt, what I aim at. What leads me to take an interest in your enterprise, what has caused me to accept with pleasure your invitation to deliver this address, is that I have recognized here another wave in the great tide of which I have for many years watched the advance. It is our part at the universities to give coherence, connection, and system to the thinking of the nation. I see everywhere

how the nation begins to strive more than in past times towards such coherence; I am glad also to see how it learns the habit of looking to the universities for help in this strife, and how rapidly the universities are acquiring the habit and the skill to render such help; and I look forward to the time when the English universities will extend their action over the whole community by creating a vast order of high-class popular teachers, who shall lend their aid everywhere in the impartial study of great questions, political or other, and so play a part in the guidance of the national mind, such as has never been played by universities in any other country. It is in this hope, and as a step to the fulfilment of it, that I inaugurate and wish all success to your society.

From The Fortnightly Review.
GOETHE.

II.

GOETHE IN ITALY.*

WHEN I accepted the office of president of the English Goethe Society — an honor which I value highly — I was aware that my predecessor, Professor Max Müller, had given an example in his inaugural address which it would be difficult, or rather indeed impossible, for me to follow. He came before you bearing a great thought, if I may say so, in his right hand, and a rare literary treasure-trove in his left. His thought was that of a "world literature," that cosmopolitan literature of which Goethe had dreamed, and of which Professor Max Müller is himself so distinguished a representative. He, who has done much to bring the East and West into spiritual contact, a countryman of Goethe, whom, however, we regard as one of ourselves, appropriately spoke on that great theme of a world literature before a society which endeavors to draw closer the intellectual bonds between England and our German kinsfolk. And he brought, as I have said, in his left hand a treasure-trove — those letters, since published, which went to and fro between him who was to become the foremost Englishman of letters of our century, Carlyle, and Goethe, who at that time was the venerable president of European literature.

* An address delivered by the writer as president of the English Goethe Society, on June 28, in the Westminster Town Hall.

It was not to be expected that such good fortune could befall this society a second time. I come before you to-night bearing no such gift. I come as a student of Goethe to meet my fellow-students, feeling that in one particular I am on a level with those among them for whom my respect is greatest, since no one can have a more vivid sense than I have of the magnitude and the worth of Goethe study. When a great author confronts us like an Alp which we are about to climb, we gaze up with a vague and bewildering sense of immensity, but it is not until we have climbed for so many hours and again for so many hours, and find that we are still on the slopes which overhang the vale, while new peaks and shoulders of the hills, ascents and descents, cliff and stream and forest have come into view — it is only then that our vague feeling of immensity becomes defined into an actual experience of vastness. Now Goethe, as every member of this club of climbers must know, is a name not for one Alpine summit, but for an entire Alpine range, of which each particular height bears its special cognomen — Goethe the poet, lyrical, epic, or dramatic, Goethe the writer of tales, Goethe the critic of art, Goethe the statesman, Goethe the man of science, Goethe the sage. As we can return summer after summer to the Swiss or Tyrolean highlands, and still find new work and new pleasure cut out for us, so it is with Goethe. Of all authors he is perhaps the least exhaustible, the author of widest range, the author whose total work is most broadly based. Yet throughout all this range and variety there is manifest a unity of nature; he is everywhere characteristically Goethe. In this vast range and variety of Goethe we have one warrant for the existence of our society; there is room and scope here for a cheerful company of fellow-workmen and fellow-wanderers, and Goethe himself has provided us with a marching-song: —

Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home;
Where the sun our eyes doth visit
We are gay, whate'er betide;
To give room for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide.

In the case of this society, although it is occupied with a single author, we need be under no apprehension that by devotion to that one author we are narrowing our interests or the field of our labor. A so-

ciety may well exist for the study of a single author when that author is something more than a mere writer, when he is, so to speak, a department of knowledge. And among the authors of Christendom there are three, and perhaps only three, of whom this may be said: one belonging to the mediæval world, one to the great epoch of the Renaissance, and one to modern times — Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Whatever question may have been raised, reasonably or unreasonably, as to the *raison d'être* of other societies, it is certain that a Dante Society, a Shakespeare Society, and a Goethe society, can each fully justify its existence.

Let me here make a personal confession. A long while ago, several years before the foundation of this society, it was a dream of mine that I might give the best season of my manhood to the study of Goethe, and might perhaps do some piece of work, on behalf of English readers, which should prove not altogether unworthy of my subject. But I had a sense, in which there was some pleasure as well as some pain, of the magnitude of the undertaking, and of the chances of life. I felt assured that no part of Goethe's total work could be rightly understood or seen in position until one had acquired a notion of the whole; and to acquire a notion of the whole is not the work of a day or a week. I procured for myself a folio manuscript book, of the dimensions of a merchant's ledger, and wrote on the first page the name of "Goethe." It was to contain the rude beginnings of a study of all Goethe's works. I chose as a motto for my manuscript book some words of Shakespeare — those speeches in which young Troilus, impatient for the possession of Cressida's love, is met by the discreet answers of Pandarus, who assures him that the business of wooing and winning must needs be as slow, through its many and elaborate processes, as that of bringing a cake to perfection.

Pandarus. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking.

I will not say that it was an ill omen to

choose my motto from a play so unpropitious to the vows of lovers as "Troilus and Cressida;" but the kneading, the making of my cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking are still things of the future. Some pages of my ledger are well filled with a record of my gains in merchandise, but a larger number remain empty. Other studies, which could not be put by, drew me away from Goethe; and now when I return to him, I do so with a deep conviction that though in dealing with a foreign literature one may do much useful work, it is all but impossible for a man to produce critical work of the first rank and authority except with reference to the literature written in his mother tongue. Perhaps this may seem a disheartening word to say to the members of an English Goethe Society, but it need not be disheartening, and I am convinced that it is profoundly true. There are depths lying below consciousness in which we live while the speech familiar to us from the days of our childhood sounds in our ears. It is impossible for us, however intimate we may be with a foreign literature, to live in it as deeply as we live in what has been uttered in our English speech. "The heart," I have said elsewhere, "is not bi-lingual. The whole of this English language is alive for us, and nerve is everywhere connected with nerve. A myriad of inexplicable associations have come into existence; word finds an echoing response from its brother word; deep answers to deep. We are in an old and well-known land; yet a land in which wonders and enchantments may at any moment surprise us." The loveliness of a line of poetry in an alien speech may touch us exquisitely, but it lacks the effects derived from those harmonies which in our tongue are consciously or unconsciously felt as present along with the fundamental sound. Now the basis of the best criticism lies in the depths of instinctive feeling. In dealing with French or German literature we shall always fall short of a Frenchman or a German in the instinct for what is right, or in quickness and subtlety of apprehension, or in sureness of movement, or in our sense of proportion and perspective, or in our recognition of relative values. I do not forget the excellent works of Englishmen on foreign literature, some written to good purpose by members of this society; nor do I forget that German critics have made contributions of substantial value to the study of English literature. Still the real master in German

literature is necessarily a German, and in English literature, an Englishman.

For the present, at all events, while the yet unpublished papers of the Goethe archives are in the hands of German scholars, we are virtually out of the running. And there never was a group of Goethe students more skilled, more judicious, or better equipped with learning and good sense than the leading Goethe scholars in Germany of to-day. We cannot enter into a generous rivalry with them on equal terms, and we may be well content to follow in their steps. There is much for us to do in extending and enriching our own knowledge of Goethe; and perhaps, as a consequence of our position, which obliges us to view Goethe, as it were, from a certain distance, we may contribute something towards a true feeling for the whole man and his total work. There may arise a danger among German scholars that in so wide a field each one may become a specialist in some particular department of Goethe study, and that Goethe may be thus parcelled into fragments. We who must of necessity occupy ourselves less with minute details may have the advantage which goes along with our defect; we may keep the larger outlines of Goethe's mind and work constantly in view, and thus give back to Germany some of the debt which we owe to her Shakespeare scholars. No German student of Shakespeare of course can compare with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps as a diligent and successful inquirer into the minutest details of Shakespeare's biography. No German student has approached Dyce in tact and sureness as a textual critic. But while it has happened that some English Shakespearian scholars in their devotion to a special field of study have lost sight of the man Shakespeare and his total work, such writers as Kreyssig and Gervinus have at least helped us to feel the importance of a complete study of Shakespeare's mind and Shakespeare's art. In the "General Introduction to the Writings of Goethe" which this society aims at producing, and which it is hoped may be issued to members during the present year, something will be done towards providing each of us with an outline map of the country through which we desire to travel. We shall there see the lie of the land and the larger features of the district. It will then be possible for any one of us to move forward from our general conception of the whole to the more minute examination of some portion of that whole; and we shall see that

portion not as an isolated fragment, but as it stands related to what is central. Thus moving to and fro between what is general and what is special we shall neither lose ourselves and our subject in vague views nor forget the truth that the details of microscopic study, valuable as they may be, are valuable chiefly not as an end, but as means to an end.

I purpose this evening to say something on what may be regarded as a capital event in Goethe's intellectual life — his visit to Italy. Several aids towards the fuller understanding of this memorable passage in the story of his life have appeared in recent years. In the Hempel edition of Goethe's works the "Italiänische Reise" is edited by Düntzer with that writer's exemplary diligence and erudition. He has included among his illustrations of the text many important letters belonging to that period written by Goethe to his secretary Seidel, to the grand duke, to Friedrich von Stein, and others. An excellent monograph, narrative and critical, entitled "Goethe en Italie," has been written by a French author, M. Théophile Cart. Ingenious essays on two projected works belonging to the Italian period, the "Nausikaa" and the "Iphigenie in Delphi," are included in the posthumous collection of studies, "Aufsätze über Goethe," by that admirable critic and historian of literature, whose untimely loss we deplore, Wilhelm Scherer. The second volume of the publications of the Goethe Gesellschaft presents us with the first fruits of the examination of the Goethe archives in diaries and letters from Italy to Frau von Stein and Herder, from which, a quarter of a century after they had been written, portions of the "Italiänische Reise" were formed.* Here is ample material for study; but in essentials the impression which we had obtained from Goethe's own account of his Italian sojourn remains unchanged. If in his delightful book there be a certain element of *Dichtung* as well as of *Wahrheit* the *Dichtung* is in no sense opposed to the *Wahrheit*, but is rather its development or expression in a higher sphere of feeling and of thought.

It is exactly one hundred years since Goethe returned from Italy to his German home. On June 18, 1788, he re-entered

Weimar after an absence of nearly two years. This evening we celebrate the centenary of the close of that memorable epoch in the history of Goethe's intellectual development. He himself has spoken of the Italian journey as if it were no less than the beginning of a new life. "I reckon a second birthday," he writes, "a true new birth from the day that I entered Rome." And again: —

The new birth, which is re-moulding me from centre to surface, is still in process. I thought indeed that there was something to be learnt here; but that I should have to take so low a place in the school, that I should have to forget so much that I had learnt, or rather completely unlearn so much, is what I had not suspected. Now, however, I am convinced of this, and have wholly yielded up myself; and the more I am obliged to renounce myself, the happier I am. I am like an architect, who would build a tower, and finds that he has laid a bad foundation; he becomes aware of the fact betimes, and willingly pulls down what he had raised above the earth, endeavors to broaden and improve his ground-plan, to strengthen his basis, and already rejoices in anticipating the assured stability of his future erection. Heaven grant that, on my return, the moral gains which this life in a larger world has brought to me may be discernible! Yes, indeed, the moral sense as well as the artistic is being renewed within me.

So Goethe himself felt, and the students of his life and the critics of his works have generally admitted the fact that the man who left Rome in 1788 was not the same man who entered Rome in 1786. Some have maintained that then for the first time his genius found its true direction. Others, and among them M. Scherer, have dated from the Italian journey a gradual cooling of his temperament, and a marked increase in what they term his artistic egoism.

What is the truth in this matter? Was so great a change really effected in Goethe during the two years in Italy? If so, what was the nature of that change? And did loss or gain preponderate?

If any one thing more than another may be indicated as the secret, the open secret, of Goethe's life, it is the double nature of the man, and the need felt by him of adjusting to each other the halves which made up this complex nature. On the one hand he was a poet, with a poet's ardent temperament, caught at times in the toils of his own passions, following lures of his imagination, imposing his own moods upon external nature, seeing objects in colors projected on them from his

* I may also note as important the lectures of Hermann Grimm, and his article "Goethe in Italien," in his "Fünfzehn Essays" and the introduction to Schuchardt's edition of the "Italiänische Reise." The edition of that work, illustrated by Julie von Kahle, with an introduction by Düntzer, I have not seen.

own emotions. On the other hand he was from the first a man of reason and reflection, one who felt the need of self-mastery and self-regulation, who valued order in things external, and still more order in his thoughts and harmony in his feelings, one resolved not to be imposed on by his moods, but if possible to see things as they are. We know how in his writings Goethe is profoundly interested in two opposite types of character — the man of emotions and of imagination, and again the man of reflection and self-control; we remember how it pleases him to set the one over against the other, Werther set over against Albert, Wilhelm Meister set over against Jarno and Lothario, Tasso set over against Antonio, Edward and Ottilie set over against Charlotte and the captain. Goethe represents in his art that which he best understood from his own experience, and thus all his writings, as he himself said, had first been *lived*, all are fragments of a great confession, all, as he declared of "Tasso," are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. The contrast between these two types of character is in some degree also the contrast between the earlier Faust, who, gazing on the setting sun, longs for wings on which to follow the ebbing flood of light, —

I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,
The day before me, and the night behind,
Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves
beneath me, —
A glorious dream!

between this Faust and the elder Faust who needs no wings and whose whole desire is to rescue a piece of solid earth from the encroaching sea as a region for habitation by a race of free and energetic men: —

Let man look round him here! Here plant
his foot!
The world is to the Active never mute.
We know but what we grasp. What need
have we
Of thoughts that wander through eternity?

Such an enthusiasm of well-defined, beneficent activity as that of the aged Faust suffices well, Goethe assures us, for the needs of earth, and prepares a man, if anything can prepare him, for his future *Himmelfahrt*, that ascent which the spirit of Faust experiences under the guidance of contemplative wisdom, innocence, and love, from circle to circle of the celestials.

Nothing, perhaps, is expressed by Goethe with a deeper accent of sincerity than the desire for inward harmony which

possessed him. And the pain of moral dissonance and the need of moral reconciliation often form the motive of his poetical creations. Earlier poetry represents heroic persons contending against the forces of external nature, contending against their fellows or vainly struggling with fate. There are seas to be rowed through and justling rocks, monsters to be tamed, robbers to be bound or slain, cities and champions to be subdued. Or by some impious deed committed, it may be unaware, the immitigable wrath of a god is aroused, and through sire and son the inexorable doom must be accomplished. Even in Shakespeare's tragic dramas how strong is the stress of external circumstance! The love of youth and maiden in Verona grows upon the hatred of the rival houses, and is brought to an untimely end by that hatred. In what a world of chicanery, fraud, espionage, secret crime, Hamlet moves, and how terrible a duty is imposed on him by fate! In what strong toils of serpentine craft and malice the heroic Othello is enfolded! But in Goethe's dramatic studies of character it is not so, or at least it is not so in the same degree.* An inward malady is studied; it is life itself which ails. Why must Werther die? Because measureless desire within the limits of a human breast makes him its victim; could he but regulate that desire, and bring his inward being into harmony, he were saved. Who has brought Faust to that pass in which he must needs summon Mephistopheles to his aid? Who but Faust himself, since he can set no bounds to his passion for knowledge and his thirst for the joy of life. Man, as Goethe expressed it, is the offspring of two worlds, the finite and the infinite, and hence the riddle of his existence. But if we cannot solve that riddle in its deepest meanings, we can at least meet it with a provisional, practical solution. We can strengthen and build up the regulative side of our nature; we can calm and clear our sense of sight, train our will, seek the infinite by pressing on every side into the finite, and lose ourselves and find ourselves again by pure, disinterested attachment to the external objects which are most in harmony with our nature.

"The Sorrows of Werther" gave literary expression to the eighteenth-century reaction against the tyranny of the understanding; it rendered into art all the ex-

* See Bernays: *Der Junge Goethe: Einleitung*, xxxviii.-xlii.

cess of sensibility, the new feeling for nature, the revolt against formality and convention proper to the movement which in England produced "Clarissa" and "The Sentimental Journey," which in France produced the "Nouvelle Héloïse," and which in Germany became known as the *Sturm und Drang*. But though one-half of Goethe's complex nature furnished material for the character of Werther, Goethe himself, as Mr. Lewes truly says, was no Werther. Endowed with extraordinary sensibility, he had that within him from the outset which in due time would regulate his sensibility, and bring it into obedience to a law of reason. When a child, and tortured by the irritation which follows small-pox, he held down his hands lest he might disfigure his face by a touch. At another time he invited his schoolfellows to beat him with rods in order that he might acquire the power of mastering bodily pain. A little later he fell in love with stoicism, and took Epicurus for his master. To conquer a giddy head he regularly climbed the Strasburg spire, and sat on the narrow resting-place at the summit, looking down on the abyss. What else, indeed, does Goethe do in "Werther" but climb to a giddier height, from which others had flung themselves down to destruction, and there study his own sensations with a view to mastering them, as he afterwards studied the battle fever when, in the French campaign, he went under fire at the outwork of La Lune? Goethe was no Werther, and yet it would be untrue to say that the sentimental fever described in his novel was not in his blood. In his blood it certainly was, as the letters to the countess Stolberg, of a later date than "Werther," suffice to prove:—

On this day of last week [he writes to her], Lili was here. And at that time I was in the fearfullest, gayest, sweetest state in all my life (I might say). O Gustchen, why can I not tell anything about it? Why? How I looked at the moon and the world through the hottest tears of love, and everything rapturous surrounded me. And in the distance the forest-horn and the noisy mirth of the wedding guests. Gustchen, since the storm I am—not at rest, but quiet—quiet for me, and only fear another tempest which in the most peaceful days is ever gathering, and—good-night, Angel. Rarest, rarest maiden! *

This outbreak is quite in the Werther manner, and it is evident that when the

letter containing this passage and other letters in the same tone were written, Goethe was still either actually subject to the sentimental fever or at least in love with the sentimental style.

At this time Goethe was in his twenty-seventh year. Within a few weeks he had begun the ten years' residence at Weimar which preceded his Italian travels. These ten years of service at Weimar gave his character its adult shape and set. As he advanced towards midmanhood, the reflective and regulative side of his nature naturally gained in strength. The public duties undertaken by him acted as a counterpoise to his passions and imagination. It was necessary to turn his attention to matters which were indeed of great importance, but which had no peculiar affinity for his genius; it was necessary to master a mass of practical details connected with affairs of the State; and in order to do this Goethe was obliged to direct his mind outwards, and become, for the time at least, disengaged from his private emotions and imaginings. While superintending the revival of the Ilmenau mines, while acting on the commission of buildings, while studying the subject of finance, while presiding over the war department and the department of public roads, he was in truth delivering himself from the sentimental fever and widening the basis of his moral being. "I will manage the war department well," Goethe notes in his diary (February 1, 1779), "because in business I have no imagination at all; I will originate nothing on my own account, but only rightly know and faithfully order that which is." Much of this public work never ceased to be irksome to Goethe, but some of it led him on to the pursuit of scientific knowledge, a pursuit conducted in his own peculiar way, which was not altogether that of a man of science. The creator of Werther, with his tears and his sighs of limitless desire, can now spend his days collecting or arranging mineralogical specimens, and his nights, not in reading Ossian beneath the moon, but in writing an essay on granite. Botany and comparative anatomy now interest him profoundly, and everywhere in external nature he finds himself in the presence of order, law, constant uniformities, which he delights to trace; and in following the processes of nature he comes to venerate her harmonies and to acquire something of her calm. Thus, by ways laborious and sometimes even painful, Goethe, during these first ten years at Weimar, was

* Der Junge Goethe, iii. 107; and translated in Mr. E. Bell's Early and Miscellaneous Letters of Goethe, p. 257.

gaining in the power of reflection and self-control; was submitting to the limitations of the intellect and the will, learning at the same time to work strenuously within those limits; was becoming capable of pure and disinterested observation; was delivering himself from the errors of his own temperament and passions.

But how did it fare during these years with the poet in Goethe? The oppression of public business beyond question weighed heavily on the poet. It was not always that he could feel as when he wrote in his diary of January 13, 1779: "The pressure of business is very beautiful for the soul; when the burden is gone the play of the spirit is the freer, the enjoyment of life is quickened." More often he painfully recognizes the fact that the life of the man of affairs is fatal to the continuity of imaginative effort. It was a period of great designs interrupted, and, if not foiled, at least held in check. "Faust" and "Egmont" still remained fragments; "Wilhelm Meister" was written in part and was laid aside; "Tasso" was conceived and was carried as far as the second act; "Iphigenia," indeed, was completed, but in a form which was afterwards rejected as unsuitable for the matter; that poem of large and singular design, "Die Geheimnisse," stood still when little more than the introduction was written. Obviously there was a danger that the poet in Goethe might be overborne by the statesman and public servant—or there would have been such a danger if the emotional and imaginative side of Goethe's nature had not been kept constantly quick and stirring through the ardor of his feeling for Frau von Stein. During ten years she was a centre for his hopes and fears, his happiness and his troubles, a representative for him of the ideal, a rallying-point for his emotions and his imagination.* Goethe's lyrical feeling during this period is to be found less in the pieces of verse written on rare occasions than in his daily letters to his beloved friend. What her influence upon him was may be understood from reading the "Iphigenia." She was both law and impulse to his heart, at once quickening all his emotions and calming their turbu-

lence, and setting strict bounds to their advance. She instructed him in refinements of feeling which were beyond the comprehension of the passionate young man who had flung himself into the boisterous pleasures of the court during the first wild days at Weimar. And yet it must be frankly said that the relation with Frau von Stein was not and could not be soundly and securely based; it necessarily lacked all the quietudes and trustful ease of domestic life; it suffered from a constant tendency to an unhealthy strain.

It seems as if I had forgotten the subject of Goethe in Italy; but that subject has all the time been before my mind. We have seen how the great affair of Goethe's life was his need of inward harmony; that this harmony was difficult to attain in his case, because of the existence within him of powers which to a certain extent were rival powers—on the one hand his passions and imagination, the passions and imagination of a poet, and on the other hand his intellect and will—such an intellect as cannot be satisfied until it sees things as they are, unstained by the cross-lights of passion or temperament, a will set upon gaining the power of complete self-control and self-regulation. And we have seen how during the years at Weimar, which preceded Goethe's sojourn in Italy, these two sides of his nature stood apart each from the other; how public duties tended to cultivate and strengthen the regulative side of his character, and yet that these duties were often irksome and alien to his truer self; how, on the other hand, the influence of Frau von Stein cultivated and refined his passions and imagination, and yet that the relation to Frau von Stein was necessarily, to a certain extent, an unnatural and unhealthy relation. We may now put the question again, What new development in Goethe's genius and character was effected during his two years' residence in Italy?

In answer to this question I would say, Nothing essential was added to Goethe's nature by his Italian travels, but that was the season when he came into full and happy possession of himself; then for the first time he was at harmony with himself and with the world around him; then for the first time the two parts of his complex nature were organically united, and instead of contending within him for mastery, helped each the other, so that his imagination and passions became regulated, ordered, and rational, and his self-

* The latest expression of opinion which I have noted, that of Erich Schmidt, on the once disputed question of the nature of Goethe's relations with Frau von Stein, is that of all competent students of Goethe's life in recent years. "No one now need get angry," he says, "over any formal bills of indictment against Frau von Stein, they have descended voiceless to Orcaus."

control and his methods of the intellect became almost like a happy instinct; then first for his mind order became one with freedom.

His own delightful book, the "Italiänische Reise," tells us of the various objects which made each its due impression on his spirit — the Græco-Roman sculptures, the frescoes of Michael Angelo, the tapestries after Raphael, the Church ceremonies, the life of the people, the sun and sea of Naples, the vacant streets of Pompeii, the fires and rumors of Vesuvius, the Sicilian bays and headlands. It would be an interesting study to trace the succession of his varying moods, and to inquire how these varying moods stand related to his abiding personality. Here, from the point of view which we have taken, it is less important to note the objects seen by Goethe than to consider *how* he saw them. The temper and habits of mind, the intellectual methods which he had acquired in the course of his public duties and his scientific pursuits at Weimar, were now directed upon objects not alien to his genius but in closest kinship with that genius. The seriousness and steadfastness with which he had applied himself to the mining operations at Ilmenau, to finance, to the duties of the war department and the department of public roads, were now turned to account in the study of things for which a poet and lover of beauty could care with his whole heart. The habits of pure, disinterested observation which he had found to be essential in his efforts to master the affairs of State were now employed in the world of the imagination. Had Goethe visited Rome ten years earlier we should probably have received some remarkable records of a sentimental journey, like the earlier "Letters from Switzerland," which were represented as having been found among Werther's papers after his death.* The writer would probably have allowed his imagination to play around all the romantic memories of the capital of the world. But of sentiment or of phantasy and romance there is not a word in the "Italian Travels." In the viceroy's palace at Palermo Goethe made the acquaintance of a lively little Maltese gentleman, who had had some acquaintance with Weimar in former days. Having asked after old friends, he added: "And how is the person who, full of youth and vivacity when I was there, in himself

made rain and fine weather? I forget his name, but he is the author of 'Werther.'" After a little pause, as if he were considering, Goethe replied: "I am the person about whom you are kindly inquiring." With the most manifest tokens of astonishment, the little Maltese drew back and cried: "There must have been a great change then." "Oh, yes," rejoined Goethe, "between Weimar and Palermo I have undergone many a change." Among the many changes which took place between the "Werther" period and that of the "Italian Travels," perhaps none was more important than the change from that habit of mind which led him to project his own moods over all external objects to the habit of mind which enabled him to submit patiently to the object and receive from it a pure and true impression.

Although it was happiness to Goethe to escape from the strange miscellany of occupations which made up his public duties at Weimar, he travelled, not for rest or pleasure, but for fresh toil and effort. He speaks with a touch of contempt of those tourists who bring back with them, in return for their fatigue and money, nothing but a mere *I have seen it*. His own feeling was not that of a sight-seer, but of a scholar going through his classes. He quotes with approbation the words of Winckelmann: "In Rome, I believe, is the high school for all the world, and I also have been purified and tried in it." And at a later date, when Rome had grown familiar to him, he himself writes: "I have entered too big a school to get speedily through my classes. My sense of art, my small talents, must here go through the whole course and become matured, else I shall bring you back but half a friend, and the old longing, laboring, groping, crawling, will go on anew." When looking back at the four months of his earlier residence in Rome he could declare that not a moment had been lost; that, he adds, is much to say, but not more than the fact. In order the better to escape distractions and concentrate himself he travelled incognito, and avoided society, except that of the group of friendly German artists (including among them the charming Angelica Kaufmann) whom he felt to be aids to his progress. "People would like to entice me here, too," he writes (Aug. 18, 1787), "out of my stillness and methodic arrangements, and draw me into the world. I guard myself as well as I can — promise, postpone, slip out of it, promise again, and play the

* The "Letters from Switzerland," of 1779, are written in a very different spirit, and show how much Goethe had gained in the interval.

Italian with the Italians. . . . I am as shy of ladies and gentlemen as of some sore disease; I feel ill as often as I see them driving." In such self-concentration and solitude Goethe's study of the public buildings and statues and paintings of Rome was a noble excitement of all his faculties, but an excitement in which his faculties worked so harmoniously that it put on the aspect of a blissful calm. We feel in every page of his "Italian Travels" how his whole nature was quickened and exalted by the presence of beautiful things as it had never been before, and at the same time we feel that he possessed his soul in a profound composure — such a peace as we see in a river when, swift and crystalline, it moves forward with all the weight of its waters, meeting no obstacle, but under strict control of its restraining banks. "According to my fashion," he writes (Feb. 27, 1787), "I am quite still and calm." And again: "Here we come into a very great school, where one day says so much that we dare say nothing of the day. Yes, indeed, it were wise if, tarrying here for years, one should preserve a Pythagorean silence." And again, at Naples: "To pass through such a countless multitude, forever restless and in motion, is indeed something remarkable and salutary. How they all stream to and fro, and yet each finds his own way and aim. In so great a crowd and bustle I feel myself perfectly calm and solitary; the greater the turmoil of the streets, the more I am at rest." If we look at the portrait of Goethe painted by his friend Tischbein, we shall see in his face the calm which possessed his spirit, and that earnestness without severity which at this time characterized him. He rests on an overturned Egyptian obelisk, and gazes forth over the Campagna; and through his eyes we read the union of energy and repose in a great spirit. "Goethe," wrote Tischbein to a friend, "was already known to me fairly well through you and other friends, and the descriptions which I had heard of him. I found him what I had imagined him to be. Only his great calm and tranquillity I could not have conceived beforehand, nor the power which he possesses of everywhere finding himself at home. What especially delights me in him is the simplicity of his life. He asked of me only one little bedroom in which he could work undisturbed, and a frugal meal, which I could easily procure, so content is he with a little. There he sits now, working at his 'Iphigenia' till nine o'clock; then he goes out to see the

great works of art. He is seen by few people of distinction, and receives no visitors except the artists."*

At first there seemed something overwhelming and almost terrible to Goethe in the greatness of Rome — not, indeed, its material greatness, but the vast output of human intellect and will here made manifest. "Can man," he asks, "ever make himself equal to all that here surrounds him of the noble, the vast, and the cultured?" As we find the sea deeper the farther we advance into it, so, Goethe declares, was it with him and the study of the city. "I have lately," he writes, "been tossed hither and thither by mighty forces, and, as indeed is natural, I do not always know where I am standing." But he had learnt at Weimar how to deal with an oppressive weight of facts requiring to be gradually mastered and thought into clearness, and now he could apply his method to this mass of new sensations and delights. On revisiting what at first had filled him with amazement, he felt the amazement pass away, or at least diminish, and an intelligent sympathy and a purer perception of the true value of objects take its place.

In Goethe's method of study the first principle was that nothing should be allowed to stand between himself and the individual, concrete object; no tradition, no second-hand criticism, no doctrinaire generalization. He required an immediate impression as the foundation of all knowledge. Not that he was slow to make use of what others have accomplished for our benefit; he read his Winckelmann devoutly, and placed perhaps too much reliance on his guide-book by Volkmann; nor did he fail to turn to good account the culture of his artist friends. But he held that real knowledge did not begin until he had placed himself in direct contact with the objects. "I will not give myself any rest," he says, "till nothing remains a mere word or tradition for me, till everything becomes a living conception." And again: "In art I must at least attain this — that everything shall be direct, intuitive knowledge, that nothing remain a tradition or a name." But in order to see things in their truth and purity it is necessary to come to them without prepossession, or prejudice, or self-will; it is necessary to yield with a wise passiveness, or rather with a strenuous submission, to the object while it works upon us. Goethe

* December, 1786, Aus Tischbein's *Leben und Briefwechsel*, p. 39.

speaks of himself as having acquired only lately the power of seeing things, for formerly he saw in and with things what actually was not there; and he valued his attempts at drawing from the antique, from the life, and from landscape, chiefly as a means of learning to see all that is in an object and nothing that is not in it. For such pure observation he felt that he needed a certain strictness and severity in dealing with himself. "The best thing was this," Goethe writes, "I had no self-conceit, no pretension, nor did I make any conditions or demands when I came here. And now I press forward until nothing remains for me a name, a word. Whatever is accounted beautiful, great, or venerable I will see and apprehend with my own eyes. But this is impossible without myself reproducing the objects. I must now set myself to the gypsum heads. The right method is being pointed out to me by artists. I hold the reins of all my powers in hand as far as possible." In such words as these we discern that union of a resolved will and an intellectual method with the play of imagination and a passionate but well-directed ardor, which is characteristic of the Italian period in Goethe's life.

The art which surrounded him in Rome favored and supported the tendencies of his mind. It represented a union and balance of human faculties which he had not found in the art of the north. It was ideal art, but it was not fantastic, for here intellectual sanity was always present, directing and controlling the play of the imagination. It seemed inexhaustible and infinite in the perfection of its beauty, and yet the bounding limit was as strict as fate. All was subject to a law which could not be transgressed, yet through obedience to law the ancient artists seemed to have attained the happiest freedom and a more liberal and blither life than was known at any later period of the world's history. The idea and the form in which the idea was embodied were here in perfect equipoise. Was it not because the old artists had got, as it were, upon the track of nature, and so their creations came to possess the life and reality and inevitableness of the works of nature, having grown from within outwards with as much freedom as a flower or a shell, and yet all the while being under the control of law? "These high works of art," writes Goethe, "are also the highest works of nature, produced by men in accordance with true and natural laws. All arbitrariness, all self-conceit, is banished ;

here is necessity, here is God." And yet, as if the contrast between classical art and the wild inventions of northern mediævalism had quickened within him a new sense of the grotesque, it was in the noble surroundings of the Borghese Gardens that Goethe wrote the most wildly fantastic scene of "Faust"—that in which are represented the mad humors of the witch's kitchen.

It must be admitted that to some extent Goethe's feeling for classical art was imperfect. "The greatest men," he wrote in the "Elective Affinities," "are connected with their own century always through some weakness." Goethe judged of art as a man of the eighteenth century, as one who distinguished imperfectly between sculpture of the Greek classical period and the copies reproduced by the later artists for their Roman patrons. Nor did Goethe perceive clearly that in the eighteenth-century work of such artists as his friend Angelica Kaufmann—work which won his admiration—there was a large element of pseudo-classicism, a modern sentiment, or even a modern sentimentality draped in antique costume. Goethe did not transcend his age, but he helped to carry it forward to more exact knowledge and a truer feeling than were accessible to himself. And in turning from the study of antique sculpture to the study of the living human form he was assuredly on the way to rectify whatever errors he may have incurred. "Now at last," he writes from Rome in August, 1787, "the Alpha and Omega of all known things, the human figure, has taken hold of me, and I of it, and I say, 'Lord, I will not let thee go until thou bless me, though I should wrestle myself lame.'" By such means he was training his eye to precision of form, and the results of this education in definiteness and exactness can be traced in the fine outline of such poems as "Alexis und Dora" and "Hermann und Dorothea."

I have said that the first principle of Goethe's method of study in Italy was to come into direct contact with the object. "My habit of seeing and taking all things as they are," he writes, "my fidelity in letting the eye be my light, my entire renunciation of all pretension, have again come to my aid, and make me in my quietude happy in the highest degree." Yielding himself thus to the object, he was really preparing to spring forward and seize its motive and meaning. He could not be satisfied until he had submitted these new sensations, this new delight, to

the intellect, and had discovered their secret. Indeed the delight became a real trouble unless he could decipher and interpret for himself its inward insignificance. "What at first furnishes a hearty enjoyment, when we take it superficially," he writes, "often weighs on us afterwards most oppressively, when we see that without solid knowledge the true delight must be missed." The first overpowering sensation caused by objects which were supremely beautiful or sublime gave place in due time to an intellectualized enjoyment; and then, as soon as he could interpret aright his new mental experiences, Goethe, with that sense of the value of order which was now habitual with him, set to work to arrange in his mind these precious acquisitions, so that from a troublesome crowd of sensations he created in a short time a cosmos, and found that again there was space in his brain for further acquisitions.

For the last fortnight [he wrote a little before his departure from Rome for Southern Italy], I have been moving about from morning to night; I am searching out everything I have not yet seen. I am also viewing for a second and a third time the most important objects, and they are all arranging themselves in something like order in my mind; for while the chief objects are taking their right places, there is space and room between them for many a less important one. My enthusiasm is purifying itself and becoming more definite, and now for the first time my mind can rise in untroubled sympathy to the height of the greatest and purest creations of art.

And several months later, when again in Rome, he expresses himself in a similar way: "Rome is now quite familiar to me, and I find hardly anything in it that overstrains me. Little by little the objects have lifted me up to themselves. I enjoy with ever more purity and ever increasing knowledge; good fortune will still help me further forward."

Two pleasant examples may be found in the "Italian Travels" of the mode in which Goethe, by applying his intellect to objects which seemed to have no special interest for him, discovered in them sources of a real and deep interest. He was present in Rome during two successive springs on the occasion of the carnival. The carnival, seen for the first time, impressed him as a folly unworthy of the venerable city; he only wished that he might never witness it again. "Nothing," he says, "can be written about it, though one may talk of it with some amusement; there was incredible tumult, but no heart-

felt joy. The sky, so infinitely pure and beautiful, looked down nobly and innocently upon the mummeries." On the second occasion the thought occurred to him that this popular festival, like every other recurring portion of the web of life, must have its definite history and meaning. This thought, he tells us, reconciled him to the hubbub; he viewed it as a significant product of nature and as a national event, and in this sense it acquired an interest for him. "I observed minutely the course of the follies," he writes, "and how everything ran its round in a certain prescribed form and propriety." The idea of the carnival he found to be that of a festival given by the people to themselves; and he was pleased to conceive it as no cataclysm of popular life, but as a continuation or, rather, the acme of the usual Sunday and festival-day recreations. "It is nothing novel, nothing foreign, nothing unique; but attaches itself quite naturally to the general Roman style of living." To this thought, which reconciled Goethe to the carnival, we owe that curious study of all its features which was amongst the earliest published records of his visit to Italy. Again, when at Naples, he determined that he would not allow the swarming population to remain for him a vast, unintelligible, meaningless phenomenon; rather he would patiently decipher its meaning. He had read in his guide-book that in Naples there are from thirty to forty thousand idlers, and he conjectured that this was very probably a northern view of things which takes every one for an idler who is not drudging all day long. Accordingly he determined to investigate the matter on his own account; and hence we possess an admirable study of the popular life of Naples in its manifold forms and varieties. He found as the result of his investigations that no one was idle, not even the *lazzaroni*; that they worked, however, not simply to *live*, but to *enjoy*; that they were most shrewdly industrious, not to make riches, but to live free from care. Having thus discovered the meaning of that amazing phenomenon of the swarming streets, Goethe could contemplate it with a certain intellectual satisfaction and moral sympathy.

Such studies as those of the Roman carnival and the Neapolitan populace are really the work of a great critic, in which intellect and imagination operate together, each reinforcing the other. And as he winds himself into these social phenomena and, so to speak, lives himself into them, so also by the aid of intellect united with

imagination penetrating the phenomena of external nature, he made the discovery, which is connected with his Sicilian expedition, that all the several parts of a plant are but various modifications of the same primary form which is best seen in the leaf. Mr. Hutton happily compares the method in which Goethe's mind worked in making this discovery with the method by which he winds himself into the open secret of the amphitheatre at Verona. Such an amphitheatre is made in order to give the people the imposing spectacle of themselves, to amuse the people with themselves. "If anything worth looking at happens on a flat space, the hindmost seek in every possible way to get on higher ground than the foremost; they get on benches, roll up casks, bring up carriages and plank them over, cover any hill in the neighborhood, and thus a crater forms itself. If the spectacle is often repeated, such a crater is artificially constructed." Thus, as Mr. Hutton expresses it, Goethe fits his mind so close to the object he studies, that he not only takes off a perfect impression of their present condition, but becomes conscious of the secrets of their tendency, and has often a glimpse back into what they have been.* He does more indeed than fit his mind to the objects; he lives himself, as I have said, into them, and thus grows aware of the forces which animate them, and which have moulded their forms. "If I can only attain to so much of any object as a finger's tip, I shall be able by hearing and thinking to make out the whole hand." These words were written just before Goethe left Naples for Sicily, and they look like an unconscious prophecy of what came to him in the public gardens of Palermo, when the vision of his Nausicaa vanished before the idea of the primordial plant.

Such a critical method as Goethe's is as nearly as possible akin to creative genius. "Properly, I ought to devote the rest of my life to observation," he wrote from Naples, "I should discover much that would enlarge man's knowledge." But he could not be a mere critic and student, however admirable; his nature compelled him to be also a producer, and there were times when he felt himself to be so saturated with knowledge that he could receive no more: "I wish now to know nothing more, but to produce something, and only practise my faculty." And to produce, he was well assured, must prove

the best possible road to yet higher knowledge. Thus the creative and critical forces of Goethe's nature alternately had mastery within him, or worked together to a common end. He was indeed enlarging the ground-plan of his existence, and laying the bases more solidly and securely. "I have so much to make up and assimilate," he wrote, "that I see no rest before me for ten years."*

This last word, "I have so much to make up and assimilate," a birthday comment of Goethe's, suggests an explanation in part of what has been spoken of as the cooling of his genius, a *refroidissement* which is alleged to have commenced during his residence in Italy. "Ce qui est certain," says M. Scherer, "c'est qu'il s'y est refroidi." If a swift military advance is to be made, a small body of troops lightly equipped will be pushed forward; unquestionably no experienced commander will hope to push rapidly forward a grand army, with infantry, cavalry, heavy and light artillery, baggage, and commissariat. But Goethe's mind, from his fortieth year onwards, refused to send forward a single faculty on an adventure, unsupported by the rest; it was one of those minds like Wordsworth's cloud, "which moveth altogether if it move at all." He could not now perhaps strike as rapidly at a single point as he could in earlier years; his advance covered a wide area, and was made in force. To some persons it seemed as if he had lost his early ardor, but in reality the massive ardor of his mid-manhood contained a body of heat incomparably greater than that which sufficed to produce a "Goetz von Berlichingen" or a "Sorrows of Werther." It is only a superficial observer who looks for the evidence of passion in tears and sighs. One who considers the matter more deeply will perceive in Goethe's studies in optics — studies not altogether fortunate or well directed — a passion as strong and deep as that which dictated his letters to Frau von Stein; it is, however, an intellectualized passion, and takes the name, not of love-making, but of investigation and research. And yet truth is a mistress who requires a heart's whole devotion, and sometimes, as was the case with Goethe in his investigation of the laws of light and color, she is a coy mistress, who eludes her pursuer in the end.

* Und wenn ich auch ein isolirtes, privates Leben führen sollte, habe ich so viel nachzuholen und zu vereinigen, dass ich für zehn Jahre keine Ruhe sehe. (28 August, 1797.)

* Essays, Theological and Literary, ii. 83.

Assuredly in the delightful pages of the "Italiänische Reise" we shall find no trace of that cooling down of Goethe's temperament of which M. Scherer speaks. It shows us how Goethe's enthusiasm was purified and made definite; but at the close of the two years he is as ardent as when he first passed the frontier, and rejoiced to hear the speech which he had always loved now living on the lips of men and women. During his later residence in Rome he devoted himself to the artistic study of the human body, and he speaks of it with the same capacity for a fine wonder and admiration in which he had written at an earlier time of Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, or of his first Roman love, the Juno Ludovisi: "The interest of the human figure now abolishes every other. I had felt it indeed before now, and always shrank from it as one shrinks from the dazzling sun, knowing, too, that all study of such a subject outside Rome was vain." These are not the words of a disenchanted enthusiast. The slow processes of drawing from the life only made this wonder and admiration more definite, while it educated Goethe's eye, and served in a measure the purposes of intellectual analysis, his mind at every moment working along with his hand. From all his attempts at drawing, however, from all experiments in plastic art — experiments which decisively proved his incapacity for any high success — from these, and from all analytic processes of mind, he finally returned to the pure contemplation of beauty, a contemplation now lifted far above all gross or crude astonishment. In the narrative which he has given of the last month in Rome he describes this mode of calm, illuminated contemplation as the highest result and ultimate attainment of his sojourn in the world of art: —

In Rome, where we are constantly in the presence of the plastic art-works of the ancients, we feel as in the presence of Nature, that we are compassed about by the Infinite, the Unsearchable. The impression of the sublime, the beautiful, however great a gain, disturbs us; and we wish to embody our feelings and our perceptions in words. For this, however, knowledge, insight, conception, are necessary. We begin to separate, to distinguish, to arrange, and this too we find, if not impossible, in the highest degree difficult. We therefore at last fall back on contemplative admiration which is pure enjoyment.

Thus Goethe's word to Herder, "*I am ever the new-born child*," came true in a strange and beautiful sense of the word,

when through knowledge and thought and intellectual analysis he reached an altitude of feeling where these were no longer needed, and where simple intuition, a frank and happy gaze at objects, like that of a wide-eyed infant, filled his spirit with complete content.

The greatest gain, however, which came to Goethe during this period in Italy was not that his eyes rested with a fine delight on forms of ideal beauty, but that here and now he entered into full possession of himself. "In Rome," he writes, "I have for the first time found myself, for the first time come into harmony with myself and grown happy and rational." It was not merely that he learnt to distinguish what was appropriate to his nature and what alien to it; nor was it merely that he was able to see whether he and his faculties were definitely tending, that he quenched his erroneous desire to excel in plastic art, and turned that passion for plastic beauty to account in his proper pursuits as a poet. The inward harmony now attained by Goethe meant before all else that the reflective and regulative side of his nature, which he had been painfully building up during the ten years at Weimar, came at last into happy relation with the imaginative and emotional side of his nature; that his feelings were not dulled by his judgment, but were rendered sane and wise; that his imagination was inspired and controlled by reason; that his will no longer toiled after achievements in an alien province; that his faculties were at length fully organized and each subserved the ends of the complete man.

I find a happy symbol of this union of Goethe's powers in that drama of his which belongs more than any other of his dramatic works to the period of his sojourn in Italy. The "Iphigenia in Tauris" was rehandled in Rome, and its form was elevated from prose to verse; but in essentials the "Iphigenia" belongs to the years at Weimar, and translates into drama the calming and reconciling influence of the spirit of Frau von Stein on the troubled spirit of Goethe. But "Tasso" is in great measure a direct product of Italy. Now conceive to yourselves two opposite types of men: one who finds his be-all and end-all within the compass of his own heart and brain: a narrow compass, and yet containing infinite desires, and aspirations, and strivings towards thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls; who broods on his own passions and is therefore weak and restless; who lacks a clear outlook on the external world; who is therefore sus-

picious of his fellows; yet who thrills to the touch of sympathy or love, — conceive such a type of man, and now conceive his opposite; one who has subdued his self-will, his turbulent desires and dreams and extravagant thoughts; who turns his eye outward on the broad, substantial world; who binds his own life to the life of his fellows by social action; who is therefore strong, calm, and prudent; who masks his force under forms and compromises and courtesies; no man of genius perhaps, but at least a master of the machinery of human life; who can deal wisely and energetically with circumstance and mould events with his powerful shaping hands. These two men are Goethe's Tasso and Antonio. It is a mistake to name one the poet and the other the statesman; or to name one the dreamer and the other the man of action; nor do the names idealist and realist quite express the contrast. The contrast between them is wider and deeper than any of these names suggest. I will venture to call them the adept who reveres the sign of the microcosm and the adept who reveres the sign of the macrocosm. No other titles seem to be so fitting.

In Goethe these two men existed side by side. In the Weimar days the man of the microcosm expressed his troubled joys, his hopes and fears and aspirations in the letters addressed from day to day, and almost from hour to hour, to Frau von Stein. The man of the macrocosm was superintending mines, raising recruits, regulating finances for Karl August. Which of the two was to be the master within him? Or was it possible that they might one day hold hands in a mutually beneficent friendship?

These are the precise questions put and answered in Goethe's "Tasso." "What idea did you endeavor to represent in 'Tasso'?" asked Eckermann of the aged poet. "Idea!" exclaimed Goethe, "as if I knew anything about it! I had the life of Tasso, I had my own life . . . I can truly say of what I have presented in the play, *It is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.*" The double nature of Goethe is parcelled out between Tasso, the self-involved dreamer, lover, poet; and Antonio, the wide-seeing, strong-willed, prudent statesman. Tasso wins all the sympathy of our heart; Antonio, the respect of our understanding. To Antonio, the man of the world, Tasso, as we at first are led to suppose, seems no better than an idle dreamer; and Tasso in his turn thinks hard things of the man who has wounded

him by his cold reserve and worldly scepticism. He draws his sword upon Antonio even in the precincts of the palace; the prince arrives and condemns Tasso to a light imprisonment in his chamber; and there in solitude and tears the unhappy poet devours his own heart. The princess endeavors to soothe, relieve, and strengthen him; but Tasso in the very weakness of his joy exceeds the bounds of a subject's duty, and in one wild moment demands from her a woman's love. That moment is fatal; the princess retires, and the poor dreamer is left to the bitterness of shame and despair. In "Iphigenia" a sister's devotion saved the afflicted Orestes; but it is no woman who can save Tasso. To the solitary and despairing man of genius enters Antonio, the man of calm intelligence and steadfast will. A cry of anguish is about to break from the unhappy poet at the arrival of this tormentor. And then we perceive Antonio drawing towards him with gracious earnestness and strong benignity; he is at Tasso's side and takes him by the hand. The man of the macrocosm and the man of the microcosm have met, have understood each other, and are reconciled; passion and imagination stand supported by intelligence and will. It is Tasso who speaks: —

Oh, noble man! thou standest firm and calm,
While I am like the tempest-driven wave.
But be not boastful of thy strength. Reflect!
Nature, whose mighty power hath fix'd the
rock,
Gives to the wave its instability:
She sends her storm, the passive wave is
driven,
And rolls and swells, and falls in billowy
foam;
Yet in this very wave the glorious sun
Mirrors his splendor, and the quiet stars
Upon its heaving bosom gently rest;
Dimm'd is the splendor, vanish'd is the
calm! —
In danger's hour I know myself no longer,
Nor am I now asham'd of the confession.
The helm is broken, and on every side
The reeling vessel splits. The riven planks,
Bursting asunder, yawn beneath my feet!
Thus with my outstretch'd arms I cling to
thee!

So doth the shipwreck'd mariner at last
Cling to the rock, whereon his vessel struck.*

Italy was the genius which placed the hand of that Tasso who lived in Goethe's complex nature in the hand of his Antonio. Henceforth opposition and rivalry ceased; each became the friend and ally of the other.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

* Miss Anna Swanwick's translation.

From Temple Bar.

CAROLINE.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE porter was ringing a loud, big bell as the hotel omnibus clattered up the paved streets, bringing its freight of English travellers who had just arrived at Paris by the tidal train.

The omnibus pulled up noisily opposite the great doorway of the hotel. Six o'clock *table d'hôte* dinner had just commenced, yet several eager young German waiters, headed by the more stately *sommelier*, came rushing out at the sound of the bell. Then followed the director himself, together with the porter (who was clad after the manner of a naval officer, and wore a cap edged with a broad gold band), the porter's wife, the porter's little boy, and the porter's white poodle, all crowding in the doorway to welcome the new arrivals.

After this excitement, it was somewhat disappointing to discover only three ladies in the omnibus (besides two other females, evidently their maids), though the courier outside, as he jumped down quickly, murmured a confidential word in the ear of his friend the director before helping the ladies to alight.

"Plenty of bones to pick, *mon cher*," said the courier softly.

A pleasant smile irradiated the director's bland face. He raised his eyebrows surprisedly as he looked, first at the goodly pile of luggage on the top of the omnibus, then at the courier, and lastly at the dusky shapes of the five women in black attire who sat patiently within the vehicle. Possibly he had learned by experience never to wonder at the oddity of English ways; otherwise he might have marvelled that these wealthy ladies had not elected, on a warm July afternoon, to arrive in a pleasant open carriage, such, for instance, as the hired victoria that had immediately followed the omnibus, and whose red-waistcoated driver was gesticulating and smilingly swearing friendly oaths because the other driver would not move on to let him advance. The grey Norman horse of the victoria was capering restlessly; his burthen was a light one, and consisted of two young men and a couple of portman-teaus. The omnibus-driver shrugged his shoulders, and grinned from ear to ear; he looked like the captain of a great man-o'-war, as he glanced back over his shoulder at the light little craft behind.

"I say, Frank, this sort of thing is positively insufferable!" exclaimed one of the

occupants of the victoria. "We may as well get out, surely."

He suited the action to the word, leaping on to the pavement as he spoke, and shouldering a brown ulster, whilst he grasped a morocco travelling-bag and a collection of sticks in one hand, and with the other threw a bundle of wraps at the solitary waiter who advanced to meet him.

"Better wait till the funeral is over," said the other young man laconically. He alluded to the five black figures that were being slowly lowered from the omnibus; he was somewhat of a sybarite, and, as he watched the performance, he leaned contentedly back in the carriage.

"My good Richard, hurry no man's cattle," he continued, dropping the end of his cigar into the gutter.

"That's all very well, but the rooms —" growled his companion.

"My dear fellow, these women, large as they may appear, cannot possibly take up all the rooms in an hotel of such a scale as this; or, if they do, we can go merrily back to the old haunt in the Rue de la Paix."

The young man who had been called Richard, though better known as Dick, was not amenable to this sagacious reasoning. He muttered an impatient exclamation, and stalked moodily into the courtyard of the hotel, his fair face flushed, and the fingers of his right hand angrily tugging the ends of his moustache. At this juncture, however, he was met by the director, who advanced smiling and deprecating.

"If monsieur vill wait a moment, only but a leetel moment," entreated the official. "Monsieur is young; surely he vill not mind to wait a leetel moment for some ladies."

"Just like a confounded Frenchman's impudence," quoth Dick Graham as he repeated the director's plea to his friend; "what on earth does my age matter to him?"

Whereupon the two young fellows burst out laughing.

The omnibus had by this time sheered off a few paces, and Frank, otherwise Lord Altamont, still indolently stretched out, had been triumphantly brought up opposite the doorway, and was now the object of much admiration and interest to the porter's family.

He was good-looking, decidedly, being slenderly and gracefully built; moreover, his eyes were large and sleepy, and his delicate features thoroughly patrician. Possibly, however, his greatest attraction

lay in his gentle and melancholy smile. In reality there was nothing melancholy in any part of Lord Altamont's nature, but with praiseworthy assiduity he had cultivated his smile in order to impose upon the world and delude it into the belief that he owned a soul full of sadness and romance, instead of (as was really the case) a jovial inclination for every sort of mirth and pleasure. He was a striking contrast to his friend, whose character was a serious one, and to whom the language of "chaff" was a perpetual thorn in the side; whose temper was easily irritated, his ideas and convictions being, as a rule, diametrically opposed to those of Lord Altamont. But, in friendship as in matrimony, we do not invariably seek out those who are most like ourselves in broad outlines of character. Dick Graham's candid face was by no means a mask, but rather a mirror that reflected each passing emotion, and these impetuous changes were a source of much interest and delight to the philosopher who was his companion; they moved the latter perhaps all the more to shroud his own inner self within that mantle of languid indifference which he loved to assume.

Whilst Lord Altamont sat "like patience on a monument," Dick, very unlike grief but closely resembling impatience, was stalking up and down in front of the hotel.

"Here comes that blessed director!" he cried at last. "Now, for heaven's sake, Frank, get out, and go and choose the rooms! It's no use my choosing them; you'd only be dissatisfied."

"My dear fellow!" replied his friend, with plaintive obedience, "I take life as it comes; I am *always* satisfied. But of course I will do as you wish."

Dick remained behind to settle with the driver and look after the luggage. A few moments later, he received a summons from his friend, in accordance with which he began a toilsome journey to the *troisième*. Looking up as he climbed the stairs, he was immensely astonished to see Altamont deeply engaged in conversation with two ladies robed in black, who stood beside an open door on the second-floor landing. Lord Altamont himself was lounging against the wall, and he nodded encouragingly to Dick as he caught sight of the latter's ascending figure. The ladies were those who had but recently arrived in the omnibus. Dick was thoroughly amazed, but before he had time to collect his thoughts, he received a far greater shock.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the black figures had alighted from the omnibus, they were immediately conducted up-stairs, where a gorgeous suite of apartments on the second floor was placed at their disposal, the first floor being entirely occupied, as the polite director informed them with many expressions of his great and enduring regret. But the ladies were pleased to be content.

"And the name, miladi?" the urbane official ventured to inquire. He addressed the portliest and foremost of the ladies, who frowned a little as she answered curtly, —

"My name is Mrs. Plantagenet Munro; I am not a miladi; I am travelling with my daughter and my friend Miss Ffoulkes."

The director made three deferential bows or signs of approbation. The first was intended for Mrs. Plantagenet Munro, who took no more notice of him than if he had been a crossing-sweeper; the second was addressed to Caroline Munro, who had opened the window and was leaning over the balcony, looking down into the noisy street; the third was wasted on the colorless and imperturbable countenance of Miss Ffoulkes.

"We should really have done better if we had gone to Brussels," murmured this poor lady, as she deposited a huge black bag, heavy because of the many smelling-bottles it contained, upon the shining walnut and ormolu table that was the chief glory of the apartment. Miss Ffoulkes was one of those people who are always lamenting that whatever has been done has not been differently done. Perhaps, when we come to a certain time of life, we all of us more or less regret not having lived our lives according to some other principle, after the manner of the man who, too late, regretted the method in which he had eaten his dinner.

Meanwhile, Caroline had taken off her bonnet, and was fanning her heated brow upon the balcony, the light winds of summer lifting the little curls that fringed the masses of yellow hair like ripples at the edge of a broad deep sea. Caroline had beautiful hair; it waved and rolled over her head in coils of shining gold. She was not a pretty girl; her hair was her redeeming point. Her eyes were dull and pale, her mouth was too wide, her complexion too white, her figure too broad and wanting in grace. So, at least, said all these who pass for judges in the London world, but to these unflattering remarks they kindly added, —

"Of course it does not in the least signify, as Caroline is an heiress, you know."

Caroline was indeed an heiress; poor girl, she hated the thought. Sometimes she felt like a convict who trails a heavy chain for life; her chain was gilded, but it was none the less a chain that galled and wearied her. At this moment, however, she had quite forgotten the golden fetters that bound her two-and-twenty years of girlhood; she was as delightedly gazing down at the passers-by as a merry child of six.

"Do look, mamma!" she cried. "How jolly all the people seem to be, walking about in white caps and aprons! How nice to be in this dear clean Paris again! There are no blacks in the air, and I don't believe there are any beggars in the streets; every one looks happy and tidy. There can be no need here for little pamphlets about either pauperism or self-consuming fuel; what do you think?"

"I think," hesitated Caroline's mother, "I am afraid—I really am afraid, my love, that I have lost my keys!"

"Oh, mamma, what a bother!"

"Dear, dear," sighed Miss Ffoulkes, "and the officials on this particular line are so careless. You will forgive my saying that if we had gone by —"

"I must ask about my keys," said Mrs. Munro, who had heard Miss Ffoulkes's remark before. She opened the door quickly, and suddenly encountered the director of the hotel and Lord Altamont, who were passing at that very moment.

"Dear me, Lord Altamont!" exclaimed Mrs. Munro.

"Why, who would have thought it?" drawled Frank, offering his hand. "I am so surprised."

He did not look in the least surprised; he never did.

"Have you just arrived also, Lord Altamont?"

"Ye-es, just arrived."

"You did not cross with us? I did not see you in the boat."

"Spent a day at Boulogne to meet some friends."

Mrs. Munro was quite delighted; she had forgotten her missing keys.

"Caroline! Caroline, my dear!" she called.

Caroline came from her perch in the balcony with some reluctance, holding her bonnet in her hand, and swinging it by its strings. She had overheard the dialogue, but it was no part of her travelling programme to go to Paris merely to cultivate her London acquaintance. On the con-

trary, she had hoped to bid adieu for the nonce to all conversations about the opera, the Row, or the picture-galleries, and, therefore, after a momentary greeting, she was disposed to return to her balcony. But a sudden thought struck her.

"How stupid of me!" she exclaimed; "my little morocco bag—I gave it to the porter—it has been forgotten downstairs."

"Pray allow me," interposed Lord Altamont politely, but his movements were never hurried, and Caroline, possessed by some foolish desire for immediate action, ran quickly past him, and rushed downstairs. She had not descended half-a-dozen steps, however, when her foot slipped, and uttering a little cry, she lost her balance, and fell forward.

At this moment Dick Graham was leisurely ascending. He had scarce time to look up in amaze and terror, or to realize what was the large black object, with shining yellow hair and frightened eyes, that toppled heavily into his outstretched arms. With much presence of mind he caught poor Caroline, and, being himself of unusually stalwart size and strength, he was able to withstand the sudden shock of her descent with firmness, tottering for an instant, but righting himself again immediately.

"I—I am sorry, so sorry," gasped Caroline, as she recovered her equilibrium, but not her breath.

"Not at all," replied Dick, who was red in the face from mingled exertion and shyness.

Lord Altamont looked calmly down at the pair.

"Never knew you so steady before, Dick," he murmured cynically; then, after a moment, "May I introduce my friend, Mr. Richard Graham? Miss Plantagenet Munro."

But now Caroline's mother, who had screamed and subsided into the arms of Miss Ffoulkes, rushed hurriedly to the rescue, whilst every door along the passage seemed simultaneously to open, and a sudden supply of waiters and chambermaids appeared on the scene. Caroline and Dick Graham, who were still shamefacedly smiling and protesting for each other's benefit, were speedily taken to their respective apartments by their respective owners.

"My dear Richard!" expostulated Frank as soon as he was alone with his friend. "How could you? On the very second day of our travels, to go and catch an heiress!"

"Heiress be hanged!" answered Dick with manly brevity. Then after a pause, —

"Is she an heiress, though?"

"She is indeed. Why, where were you raised, my dear fellow? You must have heard of the Plantagenet Munros."

"I am sorry for it," said Dick, who was still ungrammatical; "that is to say, it doesn't signify, of course, either way."

Frank gave him a sleepy side look.

"The *mater* comes of a good old family, though you might not think it. She was awfully poor; nevertheless she was well connected, though, I repeat, you might not think it to look at her. Munro was the name of *monsieur le père*, a good, solid man of money, and most of that money is left to the golden-haired Caroline."

"Why Plantagenet Munro?" asked Dick.

"Because old Munro's godfathers and godmothers liked the combination; they thought it sounded well. His father was plain Obadiah Munro, but Plantagenet has a sound of chivalry, of Richard Cœur de Lion, or Richard Graham, for instance."

"My dear Frank, what rubbish! Pray let us get some dinner; I am as hungry as a wolf."

CHAPTER III.

Two small tables were prepared in the private dining-room of the hotel for the use of those travellers who had lately arrived; one was intended for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies, and the tables were placed almost in juxtaposition.

Frank and his friend were fairly started in their repast when the three black figures slowly entered the room, Caroline being guarded between her mother and Miss Ffoulkes. The girl's pale face flushed into a rosy pink as she caught sight of Dick, and the latter, in his awkward attempt to execute a sign of welcome that was something more than a nod and less than a bow, upset a wineglass and broke it into atoms.

"Do you think because she is rich she has no regard for household furniture?" whispered Altamont as he stooped and pretended to pick up the pieces. "I can assure you that some of the wealthiest people I have ever known —"

"Frank! Frank! For Heaven's sake!"

"Have been the most niggardly," continued that young gentleman with calmness.

The two rival *menus* were precisely the same; after the soup, each table was im-

partially served with the fin of some huge marine monster which the German waiter (who obstinately spoke French) averred to be "le durbot."

Altamont shook his head sadly as he helped himself to a diminutive portion.

"We shall have paid toll by dining here once," he remarked; "to-morrow we will try Bignon."

Mrs. Plantagenet Munro turned to him with a smile. She liked the romantic countenance of this young peer; it reminded her somehow of Byron, or perhaps "Lalla Rookh," she scarcely knew which.

"Fish at Paris is seldom good," said Mrs. Munro.

"I cannot help thinking that in other hotels it is better than here," remarked Miss Ffoulkes dolefully; "as for Brussels, I have seen first-rate fish at Brussels."

"I dare say we shall get capital food at Vienna," said Lord Altamont. He was somewhat of an epicure, though he had so listless a manner of eating that he gave strangers the impression of being equally indifferent to every kind of food, whilst it was really Dick who, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. Dick habitually ate fish, because he had been brought up in the belief that well-conducted people do eat fish betwixt soup and meat; he ate meat chiefly because he was hungry, and he swallowed soup because it was a sort of occupation at the beginning of dinner, a kind of prelude or overture to the more important work to come. But to-night Dick's thoughts were altogether fixed on other matters; his eyes, indeed, were riveted on Caroline. Love at first sight is a possible, though an uncommon occurrence; it cannot be denied that, like the blossoming of an aloe, such a phenomenon of nature occurs from time to time. On the present occasion, Cupid had most annoyingly hurled a complete sheaf of arrows into Dick's heart at the very moment that the heiress fell headlong into his arms. There was no saying how or why it happened. There was something about the girl that glorified her in Dick's eyes, and made her seem to him more beautiful and attractive than she really was. But is not love the varnish on the picture, the sunshine on the landscape?

As she sat at table before him, her golden hair forming a kind of nimbus around her pale and largely-moulded face, Caroline appeared to Dick like one of the Norse heroines of old. She was grand and noble-looking, he thought; then, recalling the tremulous, apologetic tones of

her voice as he had first heard them but one short hour ago, he knew that there was tenderness, as well as a stately seriousness, in the eyes whose gaze he vainly strove to meet. Vainly, for Caroline would not look at him. She had been taught, doubtless, not to stare at young men; besides, she could not glance in his direction, for even an instant, without a tingling sense of mortification and shame at the recollection of her first introduction to Dick Graham. Consequently, she turned her eyes steadily on Miss Ffoulkes, who was watching her and was much pleased to see her so decorous.

Miss Ffoulkes was second cousin once removed to Mrs. Plantagenet Munro, and occupied the threefold post of companion, amanuensis, and confidant. Her chief business in life, however, was to warn Caroline against all lovers, present and future. Towards such as were eligible she acted with tolerance and benignant condescension. As to the ineligible ones, she treated them with marked disdain and abhorrence, whilst for all admirers, young or old, rich or poor, who came in search of Caroline, Miss Ffoulkes had lynx eyes; she metaphorically picked them up with the point of a pin and held them up to the most searching daylight scrutiny. Their gentle ways, their innocent hypocrisies, their piteous looks and candid confessions, no more softened her heart than the pretty plumage of the partridge, and the cry of the wounded rabbit, evoke the pity of a hardened retriever. In cases where firmness might be required, Miss Ffoulkes was a thoroughly trained retriever and never failed to do her duty. Doubtless she proved very useful to Mrs. Munro, an easy-going matron who had married late in life, and who was much disturbed to find herself, at the death of her husband, the sole protector and guardian of a well-grown heiress. In every respect the poor relation seemed admirably adapted to replace Caroline's whilom governess.

As for the girl herself, it may be questioned whether she had welcomed the advent of Miss Ffoulkes. She was devotedly attached to her old governess, who had been teacher, friend, and playmate all in one, and who (whilst she strove to fulfil the wish expressed by her employers that Caroline should be brought up with a thorough understanding of her future position), being an essentially unworldly woman, would fain have allowed her pupil, like herself, to put aside the all-important fact that money rules the world.

Caroline's greatest pleasure was to sit

at the feet of old Miss Wiggins in some secluded nook in Kensington Gardens, reading aloud with all the fire of her young heart and eager voice Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," or Scott's soul-stirring poems, forgetting, as she read, that all men are not heroes, and that some women, who are scarcely women but rather heiresses, must needs forego true love because of their curse of gold.

The romantic girl, at such times, would often lay the book down on her knee, looking far away with tear-dimmed eyes, and murmuring,—

"This world is a beautiful world, surely." But Miss Wiggins answered, gently shaking her head,—

"The world is mostly what we make it; make your world beautiful, dear Caroline."

Miss Ffoulkes, however, took a different tone.

"My love, you are not like other girls," she was pleased to remark; "men will make up to you, of course; for your money, naturally. You must beware, Caroline. Never believe what *any* man tells you; he is sure not to mean what he says."

Caroline had, at first, refused to accept these melancholy dogmas. Her own nature was too sincere to mistrust or suspect others readily; her own ideas were so generous that she could see nothing but a bitter perversion of the truth (caused, doubtless, by some early disappointment) in the cynicism of the poor relation. Yet, as time went on, and proposals grew to be as numerous as ball-dresses—when, after a cruelly short acquaintance, needy younger sons or impoverished eldest sons, or "penniless lairds wi' a lang pedigree," one and each spoke the same language, that was not love's true metal but only a miserable counterfeit—Caroline's heart sank within her and she acknowledged sorrowfully that Miss Ffoulkes, in forewarning her, had but acted like an honest friend. Her eyes were opened to some purpose, and, at two-and-twenty, the heiress had learned the necessary lesson of universal distrust. At least, so she thought herself, and so, with much self-congratulation, thought Mrs. Munro and Miss Ffoulkes.

CHAPTER IV.

"My dear Dick, what in the world do you intend to do next?"

"To do next? Why, what do you mean, Frank?"

"What I say. Of course I am not asking whether you will walk with me through

the Champs Elysées to the *café*, because I am aware that we are on the road; I wish to know, metaphorically, what is the next step you have resolved to take?"

"I have not decided; I have scarcely thought."

"Then what is the use of this dinner to which you rashly pledged yourself and me? In old days, Dick, we might have invented something more inspiring than an evening spent in the corner of a quiet *bourgeois* restaurant with three stoutish English ladies, dressed in crape and bombazine."

"Oh, of course, if you are bored, Frank — But why didn't you say so before? I'm awfully sorry, really!"

"You needn't be sorry; I am not bored. I am only doubtful how all this business is to end. The first act of the piece is fairly progressing. The heiress, like a sack of potatoes, falls from the skies."

Graham laughed good-humoredly.

"Go on, Frank, your story interests me. Sacks of potatoes don't generally fall from the skies, but that is a detail."

His companion made no answer. The two young men seemed, for the nonce, to have changed places. Lord Altamont was irritable, Dick Graham indolently mild. At the time of this conversation they were crossing the Place de la Concorde with great strides that were in marked contrast to the leisurely movements of other pedestrians. Suddenly Dick placed his arm within that of his friend with an affectionate, almost an appealing, gesture.

"Frank, dear old boy, listen," he urged. "You haven't been sparing of insinuations during the last day or two, you will admit. But if a girl is an heiress, is that an absolute reason against the possibility of — well, of liking her?"

"It is; it puts the whole thing out of the question. There is no wicked syren of the Lorelei so pernicious, so fatal to man as a girl who carries gold in her purse."

"But *my* syren, like a true witch, carries gold in her hair as well."

"All the more a creature to be avoided. Be advised; you are hurrying on to your doom."

"What doom?" asked stalwart Dick with a slight frown. But Lord Altamont was not to be deterred. He meant to be cruel only to be kind.

"Do you think these people will accept you? Do you imagine that, even if her own inclinations were in favor of yourself, Miss Plantagenet Munro would be allowed to marry you?"

"Of course," Dick's voice here became a little husky, "of course I know I'm not rich — I can't offer much. But my family dates from —"

"Oh yes, yes."

"Of course," continued Dick Graham, flushing hotly, "we are not all born peers of the realm."

Altamont shook his companion's hand from off his arm.

"We are old comrades, too old to quarrel, Dick," he said with quick resentment, and he strode on impetuously in front of his companion, making little angry cuts at the empty air with his cane, much to the astonishment of a kindly old vendor of gingerbread who was sitting knitting in front of her booth, and who murmured "Sapristi, mais sapristi," with smiling emphasis and toothless gums.

"I was a fool to speak as I did," continued Altamont with unusual energy; "I might have guessed that it was waste of time to argue with my best friend about a woman he met three days ago for the first time."

"No, Frank, no, you were not a fool."

"What then? An old twaddler, anxious to look ahead to save you from a rough stumble?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Graham, half laughing. "You are my monitor. But monitors, like surgeons, hurt sometimes."

Altamont was smiling also, somewhat sardonically.

"For the future I will hold my tongue," he said.

"No, you shall not. You must speak out always, and so will I. But it seems hard."

"What is hard?"

"To be judged as you say I must be judged, by poverty and by nothing else."

"Your poverty has never troubled you much as yet," grumbled Altamont, who had slackened his pace, and was now sauntering contentedly beside his friend.

"Of course not. But, compared to Miss Munro, I am a very pauper."

"That is what annoys me for your sake, Dick, don't you see? You will be looked upon as a grasping fortune-hunter, tolerated for a few days, perhaps, and then warned off the premises by those old cats."

"Well, I must bear it. 'Faint heart,' you know the rest."

"You actually mean to go on?"

"I must; I can't help it, Frank."

"Why not? Be sensible; let's start for Vienna to-morrow morning."

"I can't; no, for the life of me I can't."

"You are harder hit than I thought then," said Altamont with a sigh; "and more foolish. I wish to heaven we had not dawdled at Paris so many days already!"

"I feel that Miss Munro is my fate, my nixie, my Lore, since you call her so. She beckons me on; I must take my chance. Put it another way—I must enter the lists and fight for my lady-love, as many an impoverished knight has done before me; I may win."

"Perhaps lose."

"Perhaps," returned Graham mournfully, his transparent countenance betraying the very slightest change of thought. "Be merciful to me, Frank. As regards Vienna——"

"Well?"

"The Munros go to Aix-la-Chapelle."

"I am aware of that. We could not choose a better place than Vienna; it is a good way off. We shall enjoy ourselves. There is a new opera——"

"I have been thinking."

"Yes? Fire away, Dick."

"I have had the most uncomfortable twinges in my back of late."

"Not *really*?"

"Long, queer kind of shooting pains, you know, beginning at the elbow and running up, up and down——"

Lord Altamont stopped short and stared anxiously at his friend for a moment, then walked placidly on once more.

"Don't you think, all things considered, Dick," he remarked dryly, "that I had better try rheumatism, not you? You would find it so difficult to keep up the right sort of thing, you know."

Dick smiled plaintively.

"If your mind is absolutely and irretrievably made up to a course of lunacy," continued Lord Altamont coolly, "we will go in for it together, shoulder to shoulder, and endeavor to carry the citadel, Lorelei and all. Of course I am bound to help you, and, considering my delicate temperament, an ache or two more or less is easily undertaken. Nobody will be in the least astonished if I confess to the rheumatic twinges you mentioned just now, but as for you! Why, you don't even know how to describe your sensations! You are very simple-minded, indeed, Dick."

"Am I?" returned the gentle giant humbly. "Well, you are a trump, Frank. But will you really give up Vienna for Aix?"

"I have only to give up the opera for the drama; I will study your business,

your by-play, Dick, with deep interest. I must be prompter also, now! and then, and back you up with a few telling words when you run the risk of forgetting your cue. *Chi lo sa?* It may end by being amusing, after all!"

"And you think I have a chance?"

Dick positively blushed as he asked the question.

"I don't think you have the faintest chance," replied Lord Altamont with imperturbable philosophy; "not the very faintest ghost of a chance! However, I hope to soften the pain of the blow whenever it falls—temper the disillusion to the shorn lamb. Besides, 'He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar,' to quote one of your own Scottish proverbs. Of course I am not going to desert you, dear old man. Here is the *café* at last; I wonder if those blessed women have come! Women of that sort are always so abominably punctual."

CHAPTER V.

THE "blessed" women had not yet arrived, however; a conversation of much interest having considerably delayed their movements. Caroline had flitted impatiently in and out of the *salon* every five minutes for the last hour. She was more than usually dissatisfied with herself, and yet she had surely never, in all her life, looked so well as on this July afternoon. She had dressed herself with great care, and with the beautiful simplicity that a very rich woman alone can afford. Her gown was white batiste, plaited, gathered, puckered into a thousand innocent folds and graceful draperies by the cunning hands of a Parisian artificer. There was not a scrap of lace or trimming on the whole costume; it was the incarnation of absolute and dainty simplicity. Even the tiny snow-white tulle bonnet perched upon the girl's golden hair was devoid of all ornamentation, save some trifling bubbles of marabout feathers. In this unpretentious garb the heiress looked, as the infatuated Dick afterwards observed, like an early Christian martyr, or, as Lord Altamont less poetically suggested, like a youthful but designing widow.

Nevertheless, to Caroline, as has been said, her own appearance was by no means satisfactory. She stood before the looking-glass vainly trying to coax her refractory locks of hair into the happy medium that lies between smooth limpness and fluffy untidiness, and to tie her bonnet-strings with an impartial regard for the fashionable and the picturesque.

"Nothing like a woman of real good taste for dressing in a ridiculously cheap way," Dick remarked to his friend some hours later. "A few yards of common muslin, wrinkled up here and there, and she beats all the other women hollow."

But Mrs. Plantagenet Munro did not view the matter in the same light.

"My dear Caroline!" she exclaimed deprecatingly; "how dreadfully extravagant! And only to go and sit on the nasty, dirty benches of a *café*!"

"It's so hot to-day, mamma," replied Caroline, with the peculiar offhand manner that we are most of us apt to assume to hide our deeply laid plots. "Besides, you know, this gown is half mourning; positively the only thing I have got to wear."

"I am sure that Lord Altamont will appreciate your efforts to please him, dear Caroline," quoth Miss Ffoulkes suavely, "though *perhaps* your black alpaca would have been more suitable for the somewhat *doubtful* entertainment we have before us."

"Lord Altamont is not likely to trouble himself about my dress," said Caroline impetuously.

"My dear!"

"Lord Altamont seems rather taken with you, surely," interposed Mrs. Munro, "and I for my part do not dislike him."

"We must be careful," remarked Miss Ffoulkes. "It does not do to give too much encouragement to any young man."

"Still," said Mrs. Munro, "I think, I positively think—what do you think, Georgiana?"

"Mamma," exclaimed Caroline, "we shall be late if we don't start! Please don't let us talk over Lord Altamont now; he doesn't care for me any more than I care for him, not a brass farthing!"

"My dearest Caroline," murmured Miss Ffoulkes reproachfully, "it may be most essential that we should talk him over. Maria, you appealed to me. I certainly have seen signs. He looks at you so much, Caroline."

"He has beautiful dreamy eyes," said Mrs. Munro, who appeared to be herself somewhat smitten with the young man. "But he has said nothing yet, has he, dear child?"

"Oh no, mamma, of course not."

"We must not be in a hurry," said Miss Ffoulkes meditatively; "but, on the other hand, it is well to be prepared. Lord Altamont might incline to be as precipitate as the Prince of Casteldolore. I shall al-

ways regret that you did not accept Prince Casteldolore, Caroline."

"Shall you, Miss Ffoulkes?"

Caroline was somewhat irritably pulling on her long Swedish gloves.

"Why did you refuse him, my love?"

"You know why; I did not like him."

"But, my love, surely the word 'like' is very—very—is scarcely applicable to a prince."

"Well then, let us put it the other way. He did not like me."

"But he proposed."

"He did; but for all that, I was painfully aware that he liked me too little and my money too much. You know I am romantic," added Caroline with a short laugh.

"I know, dear, and that is so unfortunate for a girl in your position."

"The prince was certainly poor," said Mrs. Munro thoughtfully; "you must not forget that, Georgiana. And I believe this young fellow to be really well off; he has an old family place somewhere in England, I am sure, and no brothers or sisters."

"Yes," returned Miss Ffoulkes, producing a folded paper from her pocket; "Merton Kirby is in Somersetshire. I am glad that the family estate is not situated in Scotland, which might be chilly for our dear girl; nor in Ireland, which, to say the least, is insecure. And Lord Altamont is an orphan—a most desirable orphan—with no near relations to share his fortune. So that, though he is only a viscount, he has many advantages."

"Mamma!" pleaded Caroline in an undertone.

She was well used to such conversations, but, on the present occasion, she was desperately anxious both to postpone the discussion, and to hasten forth to meet Dick Graham, in whom, though she did not as yet acknowledge the fact to herself, she felt a decided and rapidly growing interest. To herself, she characterized the feeling as one of common gratitude, for, as she argued sensibly enough, people have been known to fall down-stairs and absolutely die of it.

"Yes, yes, I am going to dress directly, my dear," said Mrs. Munro, with her fingers on the handle of the door. "But what is the letter you are reading so attentively, Georgiana?"

"It is not a letter, but only something which I copied from the Peerage this morning," answered Miss Ffoulkes with evident and pardonable pride. "Shall I read it to you? Perhaps it would be well to spare a few moments. In these things

it seems to me that 'knowledge is power.'"

Then, placing her spectacles on her thin, high nose, Miss Ffoulkes proceeded to read aloud:—

"Francis Henry Robert de Vere Compton St. Julian, Viscount Altamont of Merton Kirby, Co. Somerset, and Baron Sloscuttle of Sloscuttle, Co. York, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet, born 1 December, 1860, succeeded 9 Oct., 1867. His Lordship's father, James John de Courcy George——"

"Dear, *dearest* Miss Ffoulkes," exclaimed Caroline, rising and placing her firm white fingers upon the collateral branches of the house of Altamont, whilst she bestowed an affectionate kiss on the spinster's parchment-like forehead, "dearest Miss Ffoulkes, only think how earnestly 'Viscount Altamont of Merton Kirby, Co. Somerset,' must anathematize us at this moment, for we are keeping him waiting, and spoiling his dinner into the bargain!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE afternoon was so fine and warm that it had been decided to dine in the open air, not even in the semi-covered verandah of the *café restaurant*. The table reserved for Lord Altamont stood, together with many others, on a broad gravel space flanked on either side with bushes of rhododendron and fuchsia, and well sheltered from the vulgar gaze of "the madding crowd" that was walking or riding or driving in the great thoroughfares of the Champs Elysées.

Across this space, hither and thither, ran bewildered waiters, for the warmth of the weather had brought an unusual influx of customers, and every table was appropriated, their occupants and those who served them being one and all seriously intent upon the laborious art of dining.

In fact, dinners at every stage were going on. An important but careworn official, whose vocation in life it was to dispense portions from the large salmon he carried about on a dish, could scarcely obey with sufficient haste the constant summons from his brother waiters: "Passez la truite — truite sauce verte — passez la truite;" whilst another urbane functionary threaded his way between the tightly packed tables, offering underdone slices of *filet aux pommes*. On such coarse food those who had ordered special dinners gazed with polite contempt. Some of these eclectic ones had already arrived at the final stage of coffee and chartreuse,

whilst others, who were not considered to have begun, were lazily tempting their palates with olives, anchovies, pink radishes, and other *hors d'œuvres*.

Here and there a solitary *gourmet*, who had as yet enjoyed only two or three courses of his lengthy meal, sat and sipped his Burgundy, gazing silently at the chattering folks around him, or helping himself carefully out of the cobwebby bottle that reclined in its basket before him. The dining parties were grouped, however, mostly by twos and threes, whilst occasionally could be seen comfortable *bourgeois* families, consisting of a stout father and portly mother, and their sallow-faced, short-haired offspring, who were huddled together like callow birds, eying the rest of the company with their large round eyes, and ladling great spoonfuls of soup into their hungry mouths.

Already a few colored lamps were twinkling in the gardens of the Alcazar and the Horloge; already a *fanfare* of trumpets floated cheerily across the road from the Ambassadeurs.

"It is quite the delightfulest thing in the world!" said Caroline.

Certainly no one could have thought the heiress dull or uninteresting-looking as she sat, erect in her white draperies, her eyes bright, and her face alight with amusement and curiosity, watching the groups about her, and surveying the gay scene with unaffected pleasure. It was in answer to a question from Dick that Caroline had expressed herself rapturously. She was not greedy for food. It was the absolute novelty of her surroundings which so pleased her. As for Mr. Graham, it is painful to state that he had already arrived at that imbecile condition in which to be near the beloved object is a sufficient joy to obliterate all other feelings except, perhaps, a growing and anxious fear that the beloved object itself may not be equally happy. Humility goes hand in hand with love, and to Dick it seemed a wonderful act of condescension that his goddess should deign to smile upon this little entertainment he had provided for her, and even deign to look and smile at him. It need scarcely be said that Lord Altamont did not share his friend's beatitude; occasionally, as he caught sight of Dick's mobile face, the philosopher slightly raised his eyebrows, and moved his mouth with an expression that, in a countenance less mildly melancholy, might almost have been termed a sneer.

Miss Ffoulkes had a toothache. She announced the fact two or three times dur-

ing dinner; it was most distressing, and accounted perhaps for her disapproval of each successive dish, and for her steady determination to lean back in her chair, with pinched lips, as though she were listening to a dull sermon.

It is well, however, that lovers are selfish, for thus their bliss is not marred by too keen an insight into the working of other people's minds. Dick accepted the fact of Miss Ffoulkes's toothache with much equanimity, and, whilst he left Frank to talk commonplaces with Mrs. Munro, he wore his heart ostentatiously on his sleeve, and made himself perfectly happy in the society of his Lore. He did not guess, poor fellow, that Mrs. Munro, who was not naturally suspicious, was yet slightly annoyed with him for monopolizing her daughter to the detriment of Lord Altamont, whilst Miss Ffoulkes's toothache absolutely owed its existence to the hatred and wrath with which she regarded him. His every thought was given to Caroline — Caroline, who sat close to him, her face wreathed in smiles, and her lovely hair wind-ruffled upon her brow — Caroline, who was so fascinating a mixture of innocent childishness and serious womanhood.

"There is something singularly wanting in the character of a man who has not the touch of a woman in him," thought Dick who, as a rule, was not prone to moralizing; "tenderness adds immensely to manliness, without doubt. In the same way I would not give a fig for a woman who is not a thorough child at heart."

Dick was rapidly coming to the conclusion that the study of human character is one of the most delightful pursuits imaginable. He felt himself blessed with a deep knowledge of human nature, for, as he conversed with Caroline, he seemed to understand her as no one else had surely understood her before. How charming it would be, thought Dick, to spend the remainder of life on a desert island, with nothing to do but to study Caroline! (Caroline was of course to reside on the desert island also.)

The elaborate dinner came to an end, as all pleasant dinners do end sooner or later; dull ones are not exempt from the same law, which is a thought that may comfort many of us at times. Nay, even on this very occasion, there were two people who greeted the termination of the banquet with unmitigated satisfaction. These two were an ill-assorted pair — Lord Altamont and Miss Ffoulkes. The former voted the whole thing "a horrid nuisance;"

even his friendship for Dick could not prevent him from jibbing a little under his new harness of polite and constant attention to the two elderly ladies; as for Miss Ffoulkes, she was simply at boiling-point, positively simmering in a state of wrath, and bubbling over with anger and vexation. She seized an opportunity for revenge when Mrs. Munro and Lord Altamont were scanning the bill (for Mrs. Munro, to the young man's vexation, refused to be "treated"), and whilst Caroline was standing close to her mother, tracing elaborate patterns on the gravel with the point of her parasol, wishing there were no bills in the world, and wondering why it was always so necessary for rich people to be on their guard lest, by allowing themselves to be swindled in trifling matters, they should not do their duty towards their fellow-creatures.

"Pray give me your arm, Mr. Graham," said Miss Ffoulkes at this juncture, "and let us walk up and down a little; I am afraid of the cold wind for my tooth."

Dick could do no less than tender his arm, gracefully if not cordially, and furthermore, willing to do his best for Caroline's relative, he insisted on carrying the lady's shawl and parasol, whilst she, with skilful tactics, directed her course towards the main road, and as far as possible from the rest of the party. She wasted no time, however, in mental manœuvres, but prepared to close at once with her enemy.

"I see, Mr. Graham," she said, "that you, like the rest of the world, are ready to worship at the shrine of our dear Caroline. I am not surprised; every one who sees her is much taken with our child."

"I — I — really," stammered the victim.

"You will think me foolishly outspoken, perhaps," continued Miss Ffoulkes, with engaging candor, "but I always was outspoken. I have often told dear Mrs. Plantagenet Munro that frankness is the best thing in the long run; 'honesty the best policy,' you know."

"Indeed?"

"I have often remarked to my dear cousin that it is a pity to make any mystery of her intentions regarding our dear Caroline. Caroline is to make a great marriage; that is definitive."

"Really?"

"Then why, say I, why should you not take the world into confidence? Up to a certain point, of course; only up to a certain point. It would spare disappointment to so many."

Dick had by this time grown very red,

and as miserable as his adversary intended.

"Do you mean to announce ——" he began awkwardly.

"Of course nothing is *absolutely* settled; nothing has passed as yet which need drive away any eligible suitor, any really eligible suitor, that is to say. But dear Caroline will accede to her mother's wishes, no doubt ——"

"What, Miss Munro also? Oh no, I cannot think it. Pray let us go back."

"You know, of course, that Caroline refused the Prince of Casteldolore, and I have always thought —— well, it is so difficult to enter into a girl's feelings. But in these days girls are not like Arcadian shepherdesses, Mr. Graham; heiresses especially."

"Miss Ffoulkes, you will excuse me," said Dick, on whose arm the spinster no longer leant, because he had gradually straightened it down to his side; "I am sure I see Altamont waving to us there under the gas-lamp; we had better return. Besides, I scarcely feel myself warranted to learn, however unwillingly, things that perhaps Miss Munro would prefer to keep secret."

He spoke politely enough, but meanwhile he was heartily wishing that Miss Ffoulkes were not a woman, that he might solace himself and knock her down.

"Oh, but we look on you as a friend!" said the lady, turning her sour face towards him. "It is such a comfort for us all, Caroline included, to have one or two men friends who are friends really — not admirers, you know."

She was half afraid that she had over-shot her mark, and was meditating how she could retrieve her position; in her ungovernable rage she had been so anxious to warn Graham off that she had positively forgotten that it might be desirable to lure Lord Altamont on. But she had not much time for reflection, for her stalwart companion was hastily and determinedly walking back towards the others, and she was bound to follow him.

Dick kept silence; he could not trust himself to speak, and it is not allowable to shock the ears of gentle readers by transcribing the language he used in his thoughts, and which was certainly not altogether respectful towards Miss Ffoulkes.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE, Lord Altamont's temper had been hard tried.

"Where in Heaven's name have you been?" he murmured, with plaintive irri-

tation. "My dear Dick! One would think you were in Siberia, to tramp about like that; directly after dinner, too! Now, what shall we invent next? The ladies are femininely anxious for a lark; do tell me of a possible and permissible spree; you know more about those things than I do."

Dick made no answer; his honest face was angrily flushed and disturbed. Altamont's sleepy glance swept in the whole position immediately, and he chuckled inwardly.

"Of course, we must only go where it is proper for you, Caroline," Mrs. Munro said, turning to her daughter.

"The best plan is to go back to the hotel," said Miss Ffoulkes.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Caroline, who was pleasurably excited, and knew nothing of the electricity in the air. "Pray don't let us go back, mamma; let us go to the play somewhere!"

Dick Graham was standing apart, still fiercely and resentfully silent, and Lord Altamont, under pretence of lighting a cigarette, softly whispered to him, —

"It seemed quite a case of Helen and Paris; but why didn't you carry her off altogether, Dick?"

At this juncture Mrs. Munro, goaded by her daughter, came forward.

"What do you say to the circus, Lord Altamont? Caroline is bent upon something of the sort, and I don't think, I really don't think, there can be any harm in a circus."

"I am thoroughly convinced that there is none," replied Lord Altamont courteously. "And for my part I adore a circus; don't you, Dick?"

Thereupon Graham, rousing himself from his ferocious reverie with an effort, looked up, and saw Caroline's beaming face before him, lighted up with happy expectation.

"I — I don't think there is anything in the world like a circus!" he cried heartily.

"A horrid hole, full of sawdust, and creatures with legs," muttered Miss Ffoulkes, who by this time had turned really sulky.

"That sounds like the definition of a wine-cellar," said Lord Altamont's drawling voice. "Do come and sit with us in our bin, Miss Ffoulkes."

At this mild joke the whole company laughed, except Miss Ffoulkes herself, who thought them all very frivolous and silly, and told them so; but then everybody laughed again.

By this time they were all walking

slowly in the direction of the circus, which was only a short distance from the café; Lord Altamont devoted himself to Miss Ffoulkes, taking delight in tormenting her, telling her that he was aware that she understood life thoroughly, especially at Paris, and that she had doubtless egged the other ladies on with a view to the demoralization of two innocent and amiable young men.

His companion grew more and more restive under this treatment, so that, when the door of the circus was finally reached, she turned passionately towards Mrs. Munro, and exclaimed,—

"Now, my dear cousin, if you are determined on this mad folly, I will not be a party to it. I will leave you, and go back to the hotel."

"Miss Ffoulkes! Georgiana!" cried the other ladies in dismay.

"It is the toothache," interposed Lord Altamont, with much solicitude; "call a *fiacre*, Dick. Hi! here is one already. Now, my dear madam, take my advice, and poultice the cheek freely."

To tell truth, neither Mrs. Munro nor her daughter greatly deplored the circumstance which deprived them of their relative's society for the remainder of the evening. Mrs. Munro was nearly as ready to enjoy herself as was Caroline; whilst the latter, though she was too kind-hearted to do any one an ill-turn, could not resist a smile when she saw Lord Altamont, who had grown suddenly loquacious and masterful, hurry the sufferer into the *fiacre*, dexterously wrap a shawl about her head and over the lower portion of her face so that she could no longer expostulate, and, after hastily drawing up the windows and shutting the door, give orders to the coachman to drive rapidly to the hotel. Upon this happy termination of his scheme the arch-deceiver returned to join his friends, wearing a more benevolent expression on his face than the grateful Graham had ever seen there before.

They had some difficulty in clambering up to their places in the amphitheatre, for it was crowded, and they could only get seats at the top of the house; moreover, the ascent was terribly steep, and Mrs. Munro, who was stout, had to be carefully pioneered.

"It would never have done for her, poor dear," said Lord Altamont, alluding to Miss Ffoulkes, as he took his seat beside Mrs. Munro, thus interposing himself between that lady and her daughter, whilst Dick, in the seventh heaven of bliss, found his place beyond Caroline. In this

beneficent arrangement, Altamont was not so unselfish as his friend imagined, for, not being much attracted by Caroline, he was as well pleased to converse with the mother as the daughter. Furthermore, he consoled himself with the reflection that no one who was not idiotically in love could possibly wish to talk at all in the midst of the thundering noise of the orchestra which was close by. As usual he did not over-exert himself; it was not surprising, therefore, that the following day Mrs. Munro spoke of him as an amiable young man, very polite, but with a slight tendency to deafness.

To the measure of the band's inspiring music various performers appeared, most of whom stood on one leg upon the backs of well-trained horses that galloped calmly round and round, indifferent to the fact that their riders were obliged to jump through many paper hoops and other obstructions in order to avoid being left behind. There was the usual funny man, a British clown, who spoke sometimes in cockney English, sometimes in broken French, and for whose benefit many time-honored remarks on the subject of "ros-bif," "Smitfield," and a "mees Anglaise" were made by the gentleman in a black evening suit who stood in the middle of the arena, cracking a long whip from time to time. Yet Caroline, who had sometimes sat at dinner beside a prime minister, or a fashionable wit, and had therefore doubtless enjoyed the cream of conversation, was very easily amused by these circus jokes.

Presently in came three more clowns—a father and two little sons, all of them playing the violin. First they played standing on their feet, then on their heads; they mounted on each other's backs and shoulders, and yet they played—the crowded house applauded from floor to ceiling; they drew their own bows against their neighbors' fiddles, then rubbed their fiddles against their neighbors' bows. They climbed, they crawled, they clambered; yet all the time they never ceased their music. A burst of loud and vociferous cheering followed the performance, but was suddenly hushed—the lovely Aurora was about to appear. Here was the darling of the audience, the greater number of whom came nightly to see her swing gracefully on a slack rope, juggling with golden balls and wreathing herself with flowers.

Even Mrs. Munro was pleased with this poetry of motion, and Lord Altamont, who had been growing more and more

somnolent, woke up to see what was going on, and to find, much to his surprise, that the heroine of the moment had singled him out in his lofty position at the top of the house. For, whilst she retreated smiling and blowing kisses from the tips of her fingers, she raised her white arm with extreme grace, and sent a kiss specially in the direction of the dreamy-eyed young fellow who had caught her errant fancy.

"All women are smitten with Altamont," said Dick impetuously; "be they old or young, handsome or the reverse. The only consolation is that he is so seldom smitten with them in return."

As he spoke thus a sharp pang pierced Graham's anxious heart. Hitherto he had always been proud of Altamont's good looks and powers of fascination; now he dreaded lest Caroline should fall a prey, like the rest of her sex, to these dangerous charms. He could not bear to think that his friend might triumph where he should lose. Was it possible that, seeing so much of each other, Caroline and Altamont could fail to end by loving one another?

Meanwhile, the object of this sudden jealousy, true to his trust, was safely conveying Mrs. Munro from step to step down the now quickly emptying rows of benches into the open air, whither, a moment later, young Graham and Caroline followed them. Thereupon a trifling incident occurred to which Dick, in his present state of excitement, attached undue importance.

Just beyond the crowd emerging from the circus, a little mongrel dog that had got unmuzzled ran to and fro, kicked and pursued by some rough boys till it was in a state of wild terror. In its despair it ran up against Caroline, barking and yelling, and cowered close to her feet, seeking a shelter from its foes. With a quick impulse of tender protection she bent down, but Dick Graham pulled her arm back with such sudden roughness that she uttered a low cry of surprise and pain.

"Don't touch the dog!" he said in strange, hoarse accents. He had already, in that one short moment, somehow — she knew not how — managed to place himself in front of her. She felt an odd sense of sudden emotion. She could see by the light of the flaring gas that the young man's face was as white as a sheet, whilst her wrist, freed from his iron grasp, dropped nerveless to her side.

"What is it?" she whispered; "for Heaven's sake, Mr. Graham, what is it?"

No one noticed this little by-play. The

crowd was surging to and fro, every one was talking and laughing; the poor dog and its pursuers were already far in some other direction. Dick drew a long breath, but he could not speak; he was positively trembling.

"You thought the dog was mad," said Caroline quietly.

Dick might have answered, but, at that moment, Mrs. Munro came up.

"We were looking for you, Caroline," she said; "what a lot of rough people, to be sure! Shall we walk home?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day after her pleasuring, poor Mrs. Plantagenet Munro was, as usual, obliged to submit to a severe cross-examination from her skilful but merciless "poor relation." Miss Ffoulkes's temper was still far from having regained its equilibrium. She had been summarily sent home by Lord Altamont, which was, so to speak, the last straw on her back, and the following morning was spent by her in raking up numberless past injuries, as well as fixing up many imaginary pegs on which to hang her newest grievances. Such a frame of mind made her society peculiarly trying, and Caroline, after a while, basely deserted her mother, solacing herself with a book in her own bedroom. Mrs. Munro was left alone and unprotected, and it was then that Miss Ffoulkes probed and prodded her victim with even greater virulence than before.

"What grounds can you possibly have for the supposition that Lord Altamont cares for Caroline?" asked the spinster harshly.

"I cannot quite say for certain, but I think he does," replied the widow meekly, though with conviction.

"Last night," continued Miss Ffoulkes, "last night you mismanaged everything miserably. Who talked to Caroline throughout the whole of dinner? Mr. Graham. Who whispered to her and made foolish eyes at her? Mr. Graham, of course. Who walked beside her to the circus? Mr. Graham. Now, tell me; when you got there, who sat beside Caroline?"

"Mr. Graham, but Lord Altamont on the other side."

"And then yourself? an admirable plan, my dear cousin. Later on, you walked home, as you told me. May I ask who accompanied you?"

"Lord Altamont."

"And with Caroline walked —"

"Mr. Graham, naturally. Georgiana, I

am quite certain that my dear girl never could care for that commonplace young man, especially when Lord Altamont is present. What can have put the idea into your head?"

Miss Ffoulkes smiled—a sagacious and withering smile.

"Mr. Graham put it into my head first; secondly, Lord Altamont himself. Do you not see that a plan is concocted between them to win the heiress for this young gentleman pauper?"

"My dear Georgiana!"

"My dear Maria, nature never intended you for a chaperon; you have not the smallest genius for the vocation. You will forgive my frankness; I was always frank. Chaperons, like poets, are born, not made."

Mrs. Munro sighed. She had, at any rate, been born with a good temper.

"Dear Georgiana, of course we have not all of us your ready tact, but I do my best, and I must confess that I cannot see any reason to fear——"

Miss Ffoulkes tapped her foot impatiently on the parquet floor.

"Why was Lord Altamont so anxious to get rid of *me* last night? I ask you, why?"

It was on Mrs. Munro's lips to say: "Because you were so disagreeable;" but she checked herself in time.

"Because of your poor tooth," she said mildly.

"Because of my poor fiddlestick!" cried the censor in wrath. "I do believe that you cannot see a yard before you. He bundled me off because he was afraid of me; he knew that he had no reason to fear *you*."

Mrs. Munro could scarcely resist a smile.

"If you had only listened to me," continued Miss Ffoulkes, "you would never have gone near that shocking circus. We should all have walked home; Caroline might almost have taken the arm of Lord Altamont, and you and I would have entertained Mr. Graham between us. As for Lord Altamont——"

But, as she spoke, the door opened, and the two friends were announced.

"Talk of an angel, dear lady, and he appears at your bidding!" exclaimed Altamont laughing, as he entered.

"We thought we would wish you goodbye," said Dick, addressing Mrs. Munro.

"You must let me give you a ring, dear Miss Ffoulkes," continued Altamont, "and I will be your slave and come when you whistle for me. Can you whistle?

Perhaps not with a toothache. Do tell me; how is your tooth to-day?"

Miss Ffoulkes must needs have been no true woman had she remained obdurate to the mirth-loving young fellow, who dropped gracefully down amongst the cushions of the sofa. At the other end of that very sofa she herself sat bolt upright, looking as dignified as possible under the circumstances. Presently he watched her through his half-closed eyes, whilst he threw his head back, and clasped his hands above his short dark hair. He knew that Miss Ffoulkes was Dick's bitter enemy; he guessed, also, that she was fairly friendly towards himself; but he flattered himself that he was not wholly ignorant of how to deal with women. He had, indeed, carefully studied those interesting creatures—a study but little interrupted by other learning, for, since he had left Eton (where he was a favorite amongst his companions and the terror of all his masters) he had systematically declined to improve his mind or fatigue his intellect in any orthodox manner. Now, as he stealthily contemplated the elderly spinster, he determined to fascinate her, and assuredly the spell began to work quickly enough, for when she, after a while, turned her head and looked almost smilingly at him, she acknowledged to herself that this young nobleman was decidedly gifted with a resemblance to Byron, as Mrs. Munro had so often averred.

Meantime, Dick Graham, blushing up to the roots of his hair, was endeavoring to explain to Caroline's mother that Altamont's rheumatic tendencies were the cause of the change of plans which pointed to Aix-la-Chapelle, instead of to Vienna.

"Vienna is no good at all for rheumatism, you know," affirmed Dick, by way of clinching the argument.

"I suppose not," answered Mrs. Munro meditatively.

"Where should we be if any of these women could understand a joke?" thought Altamont, who had been listening attentively.

But he was in the wrong. Mrs. Munro's easy acquiescence in the new programme was not owing to her want of perception of the ridiculous, but because of her joyful sense of triumph.

"It is for Caroline's sake, and not on account of rheumatism," thought the good lady, "that Lord Altamont is going to Aix-la-Chapelle. I wonder what Georgiana will say *now*!"

At this juncture Caroline entered the room carrying a big book under her arm.

"I heard your voices," she said, addressing the two young men, "and I brought you this book."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Altamont as he received the tome; "what have we done to deserve such a punishment?"

He turned the pages over carelessly as he spoke. Here was one of those terrible volumes in which even the most inoffensive people are requested to register their likes and dislikes, favorite heroes, favorite dishes, etc. In such confessions it is difficult to steer safely between the Scylla of extreme and ridiculous earnestness, and the Charybdis of desperately flat and inane jocularity.

"Life is too short for so much exertion," murmured Altamont, laying down the pen which Caroline had offered him.

"But you *must* write!" cried Caroline, who was almost dancing with delight.

"My dear!" said Miss Ffoulkes reprovingly.

"What must I write?" asked the young man.

"Your ideas."

"But I have none."

"Your thoughts."

"I never possessed any."

"Your tastes."

"Do you mean plum-pudding and jam, or cricket?"

"What you please — the name of your favorite hero."

"Hero? What is a hero? Come, now, Miss Munro, we will strike a bargain. Give me a definition of a hero, and I will search through the whole of my acquaintance to find one."

"You may select a hero in history, Lord Altamont," interposed Miss Ffoulkes; "in ancient history, for instance."

"Ah! that is equally puzzling to me, I fear. Well, I will confide in you, Miss Munro; my favorite hero is Dick Graham. Dick is the best fellow I know, out and out!"

Altamont made this remark in his soft voice, partly jesting, partly in earnest. His words produced a curious result; they were followed by dead silence on the part of every one. Graham reddened confusedly; only a moment before he had been watching with strangely varied feelings his friend's dark head and Caroline's golden waves of hair, in close proximity, bent over the dreaded book.

"I am sure that *you* agree with me at any rate," said Altamont, turning deferentially to Miss Ffoulkes. She longed to assert herself, and stand up before them all to proclaim her utter detestation of

Dick Graham, but something in Altamont's quiet eyes prevented her, something that restrained her absolutely, she knew not why. Such is the power of magnetism which is, thank goodness, only imperfectly understood or made use of even by those who possess the dangerous gift. Miss Ffoulkes was as much subdued and fascinated as though she had been a rabbit interviewed by a boa-constrictor.

"I have no doubt that you know best, Lord Altamont," she replied, so meekly that Caroline stared aghast.

Altamont, into whom a wicked spirit had now entered, was nothing loth to follow up his advantage. The instinct of the chase is strong in all men, from boyhood upwards, and they will sometimes chevy "a harmless household cat," or any other object — even a woman — from mere love of sport.

"What have *you* written? Who is your favorite hero, Miss Ffoulkes?" asked the tormentor, who had managed to turn the tables on one accustomed to hold the post of grand inquisitor. Meanwhile, in spite of her entreaties, he turned over the pages with his slender white fingers until he found what he wanted, and then proceeded to read aloud, —

"Favorite occupation, crewel work; favorite name, Augustine; favorite hero, Macchiavelli; favorite heroine, Boadicea; favorite dish, mince pies; favorite motto, 'Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid.'" But, dear Miss Ffoulkes, you don't expect him to feather it?"

"How you dawdle, Lord Altamont!" cried Caroline. "It is of no avail; you do but put off the evil day. Will you write, Mr. Graham?"

"Let me see what you have written yourself," pleaded Dick in a low voice, and Caroline, blushing deeply, pointed to the page whereon she had indited in her clear, large handwriting, —

"Favorite occupation, building castles in the air; favorite name, Ermengarde Araminta; favorite poet, Walter Scott or Ossian; favorite hero, Richard Cœur de Lion; favorite heroine, Lady Jane Grey; favorite dish, shrimps; favorite motto, 'Tout ou rien.'"

Altamont shook his head.

"Forgive me, but 'shrimps' spoils it all," he said sadly.

"I *do* like shrimps though, better than anything," urged Caroline.

"Never mind, Miss Munro," said Dick enthusiastically; "all the rest is perfectly beautiful."

Lord Altamont was balancing the pen between his finger and thumb.

"I should like," he said meditatively, "I should like to write, as a philosopher once wrote in a book of this sort, that my favorite occupation is beginning. Beginning is the best part of all things; of love, amongst other items."

"You do not mean it," said Caroline earnestly.

"I do. But allow me to concentrate my thoughts. My favorite occupation is looking after other people's business; my favorite name, Griselda (who was the only woman I could ever have loved); my poet, Heine; my hero, Diogenes; my dish, a dinner of herbs with content; my motto, 'Live and let live.'"

"I fail to understand," remarked Miss Ffoulkes severely, "how you contrive to reconcile your occupation with your motto."

"That is one of those complex problems — one of the enigmas of life," replied Altamont. "You know we are all of us endowed with dual natures. Now, for your turn, Dick; come on, old man."

Dick, much perturbed, was not yet certain whether he might without offence commit to paper the fact that his favorite name was Caroline, and furthermore that his taste for prawns was only second to that of the heiress for the smaller crustacea, when Mrs. Munro, who had shortly before left the room, re-entered, exclaiming, —

"What, are you still all poring over that book?"

She then went up to Caroline, and passed her arm round the girl's neck, bending down to imprint a kiss on the golden hair, when her notice was suddenly arrested by a large bruise upon her daughter's wrist.

"My dear, what on earth is *that*? What have you done to yourself?"

All eyes were immediately bent on Caroline's injured wrist. Graham, with a thrill of horror, became instantly aware that the bruise was the result of the pressure of his own fingers on Caroline's tender skin.

He turned aside, for he could not tell what excuse she might choose to make. But Caroline had no thought of anything but the truth.

"It was last night, mamma," she said composedly; "when we left the circus, a dog ran towards me — I wanted to stroke it, and Mr. Graham thought it would hurt me. He pulled my hand back quickly — that made the bruise."

It was this simple straightforwardness

of Caroline's nature that captivated most people; to her, the truth was as necessary and as natural as the light of day. Mrs. Munro had something of the same temperament; after her daughter's little speech, she turned to Dick, exclaiming ingenuously, —

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Graham!"

On each of the other members of the group Caroline's avowal left a different impression. Miss Ffoulkes peered at her as though there were dark depths of cunning hidden beneath the girl's frankness; Altamont looked up with an expression of sincere admiration, whilst Dick felt a pang of shame that he could for one short instant have supposed his idol capable of the slightest prevarication. Of course, thought he with excessive remorse, of course there was no need of any mystery; but had there been, she would have spoken up just the same. And he was right; she would.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE VALLEY OF WATERFALLS.

WHEN Mr. Froude reached San Francisco on his homeward journey from that voyage round the world, one result of which was the production of his delightful book "Oceana," he narrates that he was overwhelmed with advice on no account to miss an expedition to the Yosemite Valley. Indeed these warnings were pressed upon him, as he pathetically says, with "damnable iteration," a phrase which perhaps describes the somewhat embroidered style of Californian oratory by which the recommendation may have been enforced as accurately as it does the impression produced upon the implacable bosom of Mr. Froude. Unfortunately no method could have been adopted less likely to quicken his curiosity or to arouse his concern. He confesses to a rooted aversion to going out of his way in order to see sights; and his book contains more than one illustration of the singular ease with which he satisfies himself that some place or spectacle which it would very likely have conflicted with his convenience to see is therefore not worth seeing at all. *Non credo quia nolo* seems to have been his test of what is or is not worthy of examination. For instance, his desire to inspect the Sandwich Islands evaporates when it entails leaving his steamer at Honolulu; and finding that his train only pauses for half an hour at Salt Lake City,

he "does not care to observe Mormonism any closer" than from the precincts of the railway station. To the same mental listlessness we owe his refusal to visit the Yosemite Valley; a decision which we cannot but regret, less for the loss to himself of an emotion against which he might have rebelled, but which he must have enjoyed, than for the sake of the enormous reading public who followed greedily, like sea-gulls in his wake, and who have been despoiled of the luxury of a description of one of the greatest masterpieces of nature by one of the greatest masters of English prose.

Younger travellers may be excused if they are excited rather than deterred by the encomiums, or even by the exaggerations of local or national pride. Not that the Yosemite Valley is now in the least dependent for its testimonials upon the luxuriant outpourings of Californian enthusiasm. For, remembering that it was only discovered thirty-seven years ago, I do not suppose that there is another piece of scenery in the world that has spread its fame with anything like the same rapidity, or so soon become the shrine of pilgrimage from all parts of the globe.

In the course of a recent visit to the valley I procured a record of visitors which may be found interesting for more reasons than one. If a larger total should at first thought have been expected, it must be borne in mind that the trip to the valley involves a divergence from the main route of five hundred and twenty miles, there and back, the cost of nearly a week's time and of about sixteen pounds in money, an anterior journey for any but Americans of three thousand miles across the Continent or nearly five thousand across the Pacific, and the swallowing of an inordinate dose of dust and fatigue (as a friend of mine appositely remarked on quitting the valley, *Pulvis et umbra sumus*); factors in the situation with which it is not in the power, or in the inclination, of every one successfully to grapple. Since 1851, when the first stranger entered the Yosemite under circumstances which will presently be described, it has been visited by some forty-three thousand persons. At first, the facilities of access and accommodation being very scant, the influx was so slow that at the end of ten years it had only reached six hundred and fifty-three for the entire period. Then it began to advance by leaps and bounds, till the yearly average has now risen above two thousand five hundred, a total which, with the improvements in railroads and hotels

that are still in course of execution, will be largely augmented in the near future. But more interesting than a mere statement of their extrinsic bulk is an analysis of these figures in the light they throw upon the relative appetites for travel of the various civilized nations of the world. The Englishman, carrying abroad with him what Carlyle called "that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury, that for the most part belong to English travellers," is nevertheless the most indefatigable of the band. He is the heir of the spirit of Herodotus and Hadrian, of Pausanias and Marco Polo. Not only with the Drakes and Frobishers of the sixteenth century, with the Cooks and Mungo Parks of the eighteenth, with the Livingstones and Stanleys of the nineteenth, does he explore dark continents or navigate unfurrowed seas; but in the person of the ordinary, every-day, superbly inquisitive and imperious specimen of the race, humdrum at home but immitigable abroad, he strides hither and thither throughout the earth, scanning the known places and probing the hidden corners, absorbing and, wherever he can, appropriating all that there is of wonderful and new and strange. Everywhere you find him, from the North Cape to the Straits of Magellan, and from China to Peru. He is ubiquitous, omnipotent, indomitable. Next to him in activity of peregrination comes his own kindred, the restless, acquisitive sons of America, or the large-viewed, ambitious citizens of a yet newer world. Lower in the scale, and in the order which even a slight experience of Continental travel will corroborate, comes first the Teuton and then the Celt; the German, just beginning to expand the astonishing vigor of a home-trained intellect by a wider range of experience; and the Frenchman, scarcely as yet emancipated from the belief that there is no country in the world but France, and no city but Paris.

When I spoke of the discovery of the Yosemite Valley thirty-seven years ago, I must be understood of course to refer to the first invasion of its borders by the foot of the white man. Long before, perhaps for centuries, it had formed a secure retreat for Indian tribes, who in the pathless glens and gorges of the Sierras conducted an internecine tribal warfare, or pursued an animal quarry scarcely wilder than themselves. It was by collision with these very Indians that the beautiful valley accidentally became known to the pioneers of what we call Western civilization, who at the beginning of the second

half of this century poured into California in the mad thirst for gold, sowing in rapacity and lust and crime the seeds from which civilization and religion, too often begotten in a like stormy travail, were at a later date to spring.

At first the Indians did not recognize as enemies the scattered groups of gold-diggers who suddenly alighted upon their borders. But when the groups became a swarm, overspreading the country with lawless violence and sweeping all before them, jealousy and recrimination set in. These strained relations presently culminated in an attack by the Indians upon a trading-camp at Fresno, and the massacre of all the whites there assembled. This was in December, 1850. A company of volunteers was immediately raised among the traders for purposes of self-protection, retaliation, and revenge; but the evil grew so rapidly that more authoritative measures became necessary. Accordingly in January, 1851, by order of the governor of the State, a company of two hundred able-bodied militia was enrolled, Mr. J. D. Savage, the owner of the trading-station originally destroyed, being elected the first commander. Recognizing, however, the justice of the irritation naturally felt by the Indians at the invasion of their patrimony, and anxious at all hazards to preserve peace, the government very wisely despatched emissaries among the surrounding tribes, with power to negotiate and distribute gifts; while they set apart a reserve territory for such Indians as should be found amenable to these pacifying influences. Still there were some who held out, the principal of them being a tribe who were vaguely reported as dwelling in a deep rocky valley to the north-east. Communication was opened with them, and their chief was summoned and came to a "palaver." But the requisite assurances not being obtainable, the order to advance was at length given, and the expedition set out in quest of the mysterious retreat. It was on May 6th, 1851, that from the mountains on the south there burst upon the astonished gaze of the soldiers of the Mariposa Battalion the first sight of the enchanted valley. They gave to it the name Yo-Semite from that of the tribe, the Yo-Semites, or Grizzly Bears, by whom it was inhabited, abandoning the beautiful name of Ah-wah-nee, or the Broad Cañon, by which it had been known in the Indian vocabulary. The difficulty with the Indians was soon at an end, and the war, before it had lasted six months, was concluded in July, 1851.

It was a curious sequel to the pacific termination of the struggle that the leaders on both sides, J. D. Savage, and the Indian chief Ten-ic-ya, each met at a later date with a violent death, the one at the hand of a fellow-white, the other in a foray with a neighboring Indian tribe.

The discovery of the valley was not followed by an immediate accession of visitors. It was not till four years later that a small body of enterprising men, who had heard the tales circulated by the disbanded militiamen, resolved to make another expedition to the deserted valley. Meanwhile, there having been no communication in the interim, the trails through the forest had been obliterated and the memory of the militiamen had grown dim. Nor was it till some Indians had been procured as guides from the reserve, that this pioneer party of tourists was enabled to make its way to the coveted destination.* To any one acquainted with the natural features of this Californian scenery—an immense sweep of lofty mountains intersected by ravines and clothed with a dense forest growth—the long seclusion of the valley, and the difficulty in rediscovering it even when already discovered, will not appear a matter of surprise.

From this expedition, which was thoroughly successful, and by whose members many of the names were given by which the mountains and waterfalls are now known, may be dated the opening of the Yosemite Valley to travellers and tourists. The prodigious increase in communication since that date has already been noted.

There yet remained one step before this splendid acquisition could be turned to real account, with a double regard for its own priceless security and for the free but orderly enjoyment of the public. The government of the United States, which has never been behindhand in acts of similar liberal and far-seeing policy (for there may be statesmanship even in landscape gardening), took up the question in 1864. In the session of that year Mr. J. S. Conness, senator for California, very appropriately introduced a bill for the public dedication of the Yosemite Valley, which was passed without demur by both chambers of Congress. In this bill, which was

* Among them was Mr. J. M. Hutchings, who has since embodied his intimate knowledge of the valley, its history and features, in a work entitled "In the Heart of the Sierras" (published at Oakland, California, in 1866); a big volume without any literary merit, but containing a great deal of useful information.

approved on June 30th, 1864, it was declared: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that there shall be and is hereby granted to the State of California the cleft or gorge in the granite peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, situated in the county of Mariposa in the State aforesaid, and the headwaters of the Merced River, and known as the Yosemite Valley, with its branches or spurs in estimated length fifteen miles, and in average width one mile back from the main edge of the precipice on each side of the valley; with the stipulation nevertheless that the said State shall accept this grant upon the express condition that the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation; and shall be inalienable for all time." Then followed a similar provision for the neighboring Mariposa Big-Tree Grove.

The valley and its surroundings having thus solemnly been handed over to the State of California, the governor of that State forthwith appointed a board of commissioners for the due administration of the trust, an act which in 1866 received the confirmation of the Senate and Assembly of the same State. The whole machinery was thus set in working order; and by the board so nominated the valley is guarded and governed to this day.

Any Englishman who does not happen to be among the fortunate twelve hundred who have so far visited the spot, may at this stage very legitimately inquire, "What is the Yosemite Valley, and what are its peculiar features?" Without any desire to usurp the functions, and still less to imitate the style, of the numerous available guide-books, I would briefly answer as follows: One hundred and fifty miles nearly due east of San Francisco, where the middle ranges of the Sierra Nevada rise from the San Joaquin valley in grand wooded outlines, sweep upon sweep, to a height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea, there is hewn from east to west a profound ravine between two confronting barriers of precipitous rock. Over a space varying from three-quarters of a mile to two miles in width, and along a line some six miles in extent, these grim natural fortifications look out at each other and down upon a peaceful valley slumbering in the deep trench, three-quarters of a mile in sheer depth, below. Many English persons are familiar with the noble spectacle presented by the northern front of the Rock of Gibraltar, on the side where a perpendicular face of rock, twelve hundred

feet high, towers gloriously above the flat space known as the Neutral Ground. Conceive this cliff trebled in height, Pelion piled on Ossa and Olympus on both, extended over a line twice the length of the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and confronted at the varying distances I have named by another wall of like character and similar dimensions; conceive these parallel rocky walls, while retaining their uniform abruptness and height, to be shaped into stormy outlines of towers and pinnacles and domes; conceive further the intervening space to be sown with great trees and flowering shrubs, a paltry plantation when viewed from above, but a mighty forest growth below, and to be traversed by the coils of a winding river; conceive, I say, this startling combination of features, and you will still have but a dim and inadequate likeness of the Yosemite Valley.

But what is perhaps the chief characteristic remains to be told. I have called it the Valley of Waterfalls; and herein consists its distinction from all other remarkable valleys, so far as I know, in the world.

Straight over these mountain walls, not down the bed of converging ravines, but from upland valleys unseen above and beyond, come toppling the heaven-sent waters that supply the shining River of Mercy (Rio de la Merced) murmuring so musically below. Almost may we say:—

Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do they come
From God who is their home.

For, as with a rush and a leap they spring from the craggy ledges, their forms are intertwined with rainbows and aureoled with light. Thus they descend, soft, vaporous shapes, spray-clad, that glimmer along the aerial stairway like spirits passing up and down a Jacob's ladder from heaven to earth, until the phantasy is shivered in the tumult and thunder of the plunge upon the echoing platform or in the deep hollow pools at the base. From a distance of miles these waterfalls may be seen hung like white streamers against the mountain walls. Even there a faint whisper sings in the air, deepening as we advance to a hum and a roar, till about their feet the atmosphere is filled and choked with the stunning shocks of sound.

They vary considerably in height, being sometimes intercepted in their descent or broken up into more than one cascade. Fifteen hundred feet is the height of the

highest or upper Yosemite fall ; but this is the uppermost of a trio of cascades, one above the other, the united fall of which amounts to two thousand six hundred feet, and when seen from a distance can be mistaken for a single uninterrupted fall. Inevitably, too, but unfortunately, they vary in volume according to the season of the year, the depth of rainfall, and the duration of the winter snows. In the early spring, when the feeders are full, each brook becomes a torrent and each fall a cataract. Then the Yosemite is pre-eminently the Valley of Waterfalls ; for not a mile of its rocky palisades can be passed but there comes foaming from the sky a precipitous shoot of what looks like molten snow. But in the late summer the bulk is often sadly diminished, the brooks dwindle into rills, and the watery fleeces become ribands, and wisps, and threads, fluttering feebly and forlornly down the stained tracks of their lost spring glory.

Of these falls perhaps the most beautiful at all times and seasons is that to which the pioneer tourists of 1855 gave the name of the Bridal Veil. It falls sheer for nine hundred feet, the rocky rim from which it leaps being outlined as sharply as a razor's edge against the sky. The name is not ill-applied, for as the breeze catches the descending jets, when not in full volume, it puffs them outwards from the rock and wafts them in gauzy festoons from side to side. Hither and thither float the misty folds like a diaphanous veil of tulle. Lower down the water, pouring in miniature cataracts from the ledges, alone shows what is the quantity and what the texture of the material. The Indian name for this waterfall was Pohono, or the Spirit of the Evil Wind. They connected with it some mysterious and baleful influence, hearing the mutter of spirit voices in the sound, and scenting the cold breath of a destroying angel in the breeze of the enchanted fall. To pass by it was of ill-omen, to sleep near it was perilous, to point the finger of scorn at it was death. An Indian woman, who once fell from the slippery ledge at the top and was dashed to pieces, was believed to have been swept away by the Evil One. Unlike the artistic though rationalizing temper of the ancient Greeks, who recognized in the legendary carrying off of Orithyia by Boreas, the North Wind, the metaphor of a tempestuous love, the Indian mind, plunged in sad superstition, could see nothing in a similar fatality but the revengeful finger of doom. This is not the only case in which we cannot help regret-

ting the substitution of a modern for the more significant or traditional Indian name. No great propriety and still less originality was shown in the selection of such titles as the Riband, the Vernal, and the Nevada. How much prettier, in meaning if not in sound, were Lung-oo-too-koo-yah, the Graceful and Slender One, Pi-wy-ack, the Shower of Diamonds, Yo-wi-ye, the Twisting One, and Tu-lu-law-iack, the Rush of Waters ! Gladly, too, would we see Mirror Lake reconverted into Ke-ko-too-yem, the Sleeping Water.

The Indian imagination seems to have been more poetically excited by waterfalls than by mountains ; for the names which they gave to the latter were in some cases fantastic and less worthy of appropriation. The two extraordinary rocks on the southern side of the valley, which from their shape and juxtaposition are aptly called the Cathedral Spires,—being indeed as like the west front of a Gothic minster as the architecture of nature could be expected to model them—were known to the Indians as Poo-see-na Chuck-ka, the Acorn Baskets, from the receptacle of that name, shaped like an inverted cone, which is carried on their backs by the Indian women. The three pointed rocks on the other side of the valley, now called the Three Brothers, were Pom-pom-pa-sa, or the Jumping Frogs. The Sentinel Rock was Loya, from a plant growing near at hand. The Sentinel Dome was Ho-ko-owa, or the Lizard, from a dark lizard-shaped stain in the rock. The North Dome,—that curious smooth cupola of granite that overhangs the entrance to the northernmost of the two eastern forks,—was To-coy-a, from the covering over the face of a papoose carried in its basket cradle on its mother's back. More fitly the Half Dome—most prominent of all the giants of the valley, being as its name implies a great bald hump of rock (four thousand eight hundred feet above the valley floor and nine thousand above the sea) smooth and rounded on one side, but suddenly cleft in twain through the middle, as though by the slash of some Titan's axe—was named by the Indians Tis-sa-ack, the Goddess of the Valley. Finally El Capitan (a name given by the Mission Indians who had borrowed it from the Spanish padres), that magnificent bluff, so familiar from a hundred photographs and sketches, which stands like a sturdy warder at the western threshold of the valley, was known as Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, the Great Guardian Deity.

There is another respect, besides the

waterfalls, in which the late summer and autumn in the Yosemite are the sufferers to the gain of the spring. This is in the matter of vegetation. At all times a rich forest growth adorns the valley; and it is only by comparison with the celebrated Big Trees (*Sequoia gigantea*) that grow in the neighborhood some thirty miles away, and are usually visited in the course of the same expedition, that these noble Yosemite stems, one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet high, straight as an obelisk and tall as a tower, are not considered giants in the land.

The roadway winds in and out of the solemn sylvan aisles, the light scarcely breaking through the clustered leafy capitals and shedding itself in dust of gold upon the big cones and needles that litter the forest floor. Here are yellow pines and sugar pines, the red or incense cedar, the Douglas spruce, and three varieties of silver fir. Here, too, are the more familiar figures of the common oak and the evergreen oak, the quaking aspen and the willow, alders, poplars, maples, and laurel. The majority of these continue their bounty right through the summer; but it is in the undergrowth and shrubs and flowers that the visitor in the spring finds such an additional delight. Then the open spaces are gay with the festal bloom of the manzanita, with azaleas, yellow and white and pink, with the soft plumes of the Californian lilac, with dogwood and primroses, with the syringa, the butterfly tulip, and the white lily. The trails are bright with their colors and sweet with their fragrance, and all nature smiles.

Being even at its base as much as four thousand feet above the sea, the Yosemite Valley enjoys a very equable temperature, the thermometer seldom pointing to more than 86° in summer. The orientation of the cutting is moreover the source of a twofold charm. Running, as the valley does, almost due east and west, the sea-breezes that pour in at the Golden Gate come swiftly over the intervening plains and blow an incessant draft from end to end of the gorge. To the same accident of site we owe the splendors of sunrise and sunset. Did the valley face north and south, one face of it would be perpetually in shadow. As it is, when the morning sun has topped the eastern heights, its rays run swiftly from peak to peak right down the full length of the ravine, which in a few moments is flooded with the golden glory. Similarly as the declining orb sinks opposite the western doorway,

both faces of rock, from El Capitan to the Half Dome, attend the dying couch and are gilded with the vanishing beam.

If it be asked in what special features, other than the broad structural outlines which have already been described, the wonder of the Yosemite consists, I would reply, in the solemn uniformity of coloring, in the nakedness of the rocky fronts, and in the absolutely vertical cleavage from cap to base. There is none of that gorgeous variety of coloring that results from different rock strata, or, as in the famous cañon of the Yellowstone, from the chemical action of mineral deposits and boiling springs. The rock is everywhere an ashen grey granite, which in places where the surface layer has scaled off becomes a pale, or under the sunlight a glittering, white. Only here and there, where through the long years streams, too thin to make a waterfall, have trickled down the bare face, are black splashes and streaks like the dishevelled tresses of a woman's hair. But the very absence of variety, the gleaming monochrome of stone, has an indefinable grandeur of its own, and strikes the spectator from below with a peculiar awe. The two other features I have mentioned are closely connected; for it is the verticality of the cliffs that is responsible for the almost total absence of vegetation upon their faces. Now and then a solitary pine has secured a precarious foothold upon some tiny ledge; but for the most part not even nature is allowed to plant an excrescence. Where the sheer walls are interspersed with slopes, these lend whatever of contrast and color may be needed, being sufficiently clad with undergrowth and shrubs.

If a single point be named from which a finer view than elsewhere can be obtained, to the rocky height known as Glacier Point should be conceded the honor. It is three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet in sheer height above the valley, which here expands to its greatest width. From east to west its length is laid bare, even to the end of the forks into which it bifurcates at the eastern extremity, and the most important waterfalls are all in view. A big stone pitched from the summit will not strike the rock till sixteen seconds have been counted, and then at a considerable distance from the bottom. A tale is told in one of the guide-books of an antique hen which, for the satisfaction of a party of visitors, was tossed over the precipitous bluff. Down and ever down sank the hapless fowl till it became a tiny ball of feathers, then a speck, and finally

vanished altogether in the abyss. The spectators, somewhat chagrined at this gratuitous sacrifice of animal life, ventured upon a remonstrance, but were met with the cheerful reply: "Don't be alarmed about that chicken, ladies! She's used to it. She goes over that cliff every day during the season." The story goes on to relate that the same party, descending the cliff in the course of the afternoon, encountered the old hen, uninjured, composedly ascending the trail.

Various theories have been advanced to explain the formation of this remarkable valley. There is one school of geologists, headed by Professor Whitney (the author of the best hand-book to the Yosemite), who believe it to have arisen, or rather sunk, from a subsidence in the soil between the rocky walls. Others have argued that it is a fissure cleft by volcanic action in the very core of the granite. Were not both these theories unsupported either by local or collateral evidence, there is yet that in the valley itself which testifies irresistibly to a different origin. The mysterious handwriting of nature is engraven upon the crags; and we must believe that the Yosemite, like many another deep valley and grim gorge, has been fashioned by the gigantic agencies of frost and ice. On the northern wall may be traced in many places the print of icy fingers, those unmistakable lateral striations that show where the remorseless touch has passed. The rounded surface of the domes, the polished faces of rock, the burnished, recumbent boulders, the evidence of summits, and sides, and base, all tell the same tale. In the northern fork, near the Mirror Lake, may be seen heaps of colossal *débris* which, detached from the Half Dome, have slid down some pre-historic ice slope and have been deposited, not at the foot of the precipice from which they fell, but on the opposite side of the ravine. In more than one place are palpable relics of vast glacial moraines. There cannot be much doubt that at some remote period (we need not attempt to estimate when) the entire valley from roof to floor was packed with a huge ice-field, over a mile and a half in depth, that easily overlapped the rim and extended to the summits of the adjacent and superior heights. Then when the age of disintegration set in, how mightily must the giant fingers have torn and wrenched, have split and riven, have scraped and ground! What a work of cleaving precipices and snapping projections, of crushing obsta-

cles and pulverizing fragments! With what superhuman strength was the great ploughshare driven through the heart of the everlasting hills! We crawl like ants in the furrow, happy if in our day some Daniel arises to interpret to us the mystic handwriting on the wall.

The Yosemite is often spoken of as though it were the greatest natural phenomenon in the American continent, and the wonder of the New World. My language has been sufficiently eulogistic to redeem me from any suspicion of bias if I state a contrary opinion. There exists, also in America and at a distance of about six hundred miles from the Yosemite, a natural spectacle, akin yet different, less beautiful but infinitely more grand, to which I believe no parallel can be found on the face of the globe. This is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River in the State of Arizona, a region rarely visited by the traveller, and almost unknown to Englishmen. Here are the same features reproduced on a vastly larger scale, over a much greater extent, and amid surroundings unequalled for gloomy impressiveness and awe. This astonishing cleft in the surface of the earth runs for two hundred and twenty miles through an elevated mountain plateau, in which it cuts a deep, serpentine gash from three to six thousand feet deep, the average height of the mountain walls being five thousand feet, or a perpendicular mile. At the bottom of this appalling gorge is no smiling valley or wooded glade; nothing but a great river surging angrily along a rocky bed and chafing with eternal thunder against its prison walls. But once has the passage of that terrible defile from end to end been accomplished. The story is contained in a parliamentary paper, but it reads like some weird romance.* The spectator from above sees nothing but what might be a silken skein twisted along the bottom of the abyss; his ear, if strained, hardly catches a dim and fretful murmur. But below is the everlasting roar of waters, and from there the canopy of sky upheld by the pillared walls looks unutterably remote. I know of nothing in the world at all comparable to this. The cañons of Yosemite and the Yellowstone are great; but a greater than either is here.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

* Exploration of the Colorado Rivers of the West in 1869-70-71 and 72. By Prof. J. W. Powell. Conducted under the direction of the Smithsonian Institute, by order of Congress, and published among the Government papers at Washington in 1875.

From The Nineteenth Century.
OUR MISSIONARIES.

SAINT PAUL, when he made answer before princes and governors, was wont to divide his defence between eloquent vindication and well-weighted argument. The great missionary apologia of last month wisely followed the same lines. A series of crowded public meetings awakened enthusiasm and powerfully urged the religious claims of missionary enterprise. A separate series of open conferences quietly and accurately examined into the practical problems of missionary work. It is full time that to some of the questions thus raised an honest answer should be given. During a century Protestant missionaries have been continuously at labor, and year by year they make an ever-increasing demand upon the zeal and the resources of Christendom. Thoughtful men in England and America ask, in all seriousness, what is the practical result of so vast an expenditure of effort? And while the world thus seeks for a sign, the Churches also desire light. What lesson does the hard-won experience of the century teach; the experience bought by the lives and labors of thousands of devoted men and women in every quarter of the globe? What conquests has that great missionary army made from the dark continents of ignorance and cruel rites? What influence has it exerted on the higher Eastern races who have a religion, a literature, a civilization, older than our own? How far do the missionary methods of the past accord with the actual needs of the present?

For the first time the Protestant missionary societies of the world have given an organized and authoritative reply to these questions. Their Centennial Conference, which assembled in London in June, devoted fifty meetings to a searching scrutiny into each department of missionary labor, and to the public statement of the results. Fourteen hundred delegates attended, from Europe, Great Britain, and America; each with his own special knowledge on one or other of the subjects dealt with. Of the £2,250,000 expended annually on Protestant foreign missions, over two millions were officially represented at the Congress. But the delegates brought to their task not only the collective authority of Protestant Christendom, they also brought their personal experience, gained in every outlying region of the earth. Certain of our High Church societies, while expressing their sympathy, preferred not to send members. But with this excep-

tion, the International Conference seems to have fairly represented the sense of Protestant Christianity on the issues involved.

The first result of its scrutiny is to bring out certain fundamental differences in the problem of proselytism at the beginning and at the close of the period under its review. During the hundred years, the convictions of Christendom in regard to missionary work have undergone a profound change. When Carey, the father of Protestant missions in Bengal, propounded at the meeting of Baptist ministers a century ago the duty of preaching the gospel to "the heathen," the aged president is said to have sprung up in displeasure and shouted: "Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen he will do it without your aid or mine." A second Pentecost, he thought, must precede such a work. To another pious Nonconformist divine the proposal suggested the thought, "If the Lord would make windows in heaven might this thing be." Ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, which has since labored so nobly for the education of India, pronounced the idea to be "highly preposterous," and extolled the simple virtues of the untutored savage. A bishop of the Church of England, the Church whose missionaries now compass the earth, argued publicly and powerfully in opposition to such schemes. The British nation as represented in Parliament declared against them. Its servants in the East regarded the missionaries as dangerous breakers of the law. But for the benevolence of a Hindu money-changer the first English missionary family in Bengal would at one time have been without a roof. But for the courage of a petty Danish governor, the next missionary party would have been seized by our authorities in Calcutta and shipped back to Europe. A hundred years ago the sense of the Churches, the policy of Parliament, the instinct of self-preservation among the Englishmen who were doing England's work in distant lands, were all arrayed against the missionary idea.

The missionaries had to encounter not less hostile, and certainly better founded, prejudices among the non-Christian peoples to whom they went. For until a century ago the white man had brought no blessing to the darker nations of the earth. During three hundred years he had been the despoiler, the enslaver, the exterminator of the simpler races. The bright and brief episode in Pennsylvania stands out against a grim background of

oppression and wrong. In America, ancient kingdoms and civilizations had been trodden out beneath the hoofs of the Spanish horse. In Africa, the white man had organized a great export trade in human flesh. In south Asia, cities had been sacked, districts devastated, by the Portuguese. Throughout the Eastern Ocean, the best of the nations of Europe appeared as rapacious traders, the worst of them as pirates and buccaneers. In India, which was destined to be the chief field of missionary labor, the power had passed to the English without the sense of responsibility for using their power aright. During a whole generation the natives had learned to regard us as a people whose arms it was impossible to resist, and to whose mercy it was useless to appeal. Even the retired slave-trader of Bristol looked askance at the retired nabob from Bengal.

But just before the beginning of the century of missionary labor commemorated last month, Englishmen at home had grown alive to the wrongs which were being done in their name. And with this awakening of the political conscience of England, the religious conscience of England also awoke. At that time and ever since, the missionary impulse has been intimately associated with the national resolve to act rightly by the peoples who have come under our sway. During a hundred years, the missionaries have marched in the van of the noblest movements of England. In the abolition of slavery, in the education of India, in the exposure of the liquor traffic which is bringing ruin to the African races, in the protection of the aboriginal tribes for whose welfare England has made herself responsible in many parts of the world, the missionary voice has uniformly expressed the moral sense of the nation. It is because I recognize in missionary work an expiation of national wrong-doing in the past, and an aid to national right-doing in the future, because I honestly believe that the missionary instinct forms the necessary spiritual complement of the aggressive genius of our English race, that I, a plain secular person, venture in this review to address persons like myself.

Whatever may be the statistical results of missionary labor, missionaries hold a very different position, in the opinion alike of Christendom and of the non-Christian peoples, from that which they held a hundred years ago. Many competent critics, clerical and lay, still decline to accept unreservedly their statements. But the

character of the criticism to which those statements are subjected has changed. Sydney Smith's sneers at "the religious hoy riding at anchor in the Hugli River" would now be regarded not only as in bad taste, but also as irrelevant. The majority of Englishmen are fairly satisfied that the work is in the right direction, and only doubtful as to the practical results. The ancient seats of orthodoxy which were the strongholds of contemptuous indifference to the missionary idea now send missions of their own. The Universities' Mission to central Africa has its stations from among the rescued slaves of Zanzibar, inland to the very source of the slave-trade, and is training up a native ministry in its own theological college. The Oxford Brotherhood in Calcutta discloses the strange spectacle of men of birth and scholarship living in common a life of apostolic simplicity and self-sacrifice. The Cambridge Brethren at Delhi present a not less attractive picture of culture and piety. Medical missionaries represent the hard-headed university intellect of the north. The missionary idea, once popularly associated with the Chadbands and Little Bethels, has taken root in our public schools. Eton has its vigorous and most practical mission to the east of London; Harrow, Winchester, Charterhouse, Clifton, Marlborough, Haileybury, Wellington, and many other of our great seminaries of manliness and learning, each supports its own special work. The "Year-Book of the Church of England" gives the details of twenty-six public school and college missions, including several foreign ones, besides the three Oxford and Cambridge missions mentioned above. The nation at large recognizes with increasing liberality, if not with assured confidence, the claims of missionary effort. Carey's collection of 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* with which "to convert the heathen" a century ago, has grown into an annual income of £2,250,000 from Protestant Christendom. The two half-starved preachers making indigo for a livelihood in 1795 have multiplied into an admirably equipped and strongly organized force of six thousand missionaries, aided by a trained native army of thirty thousand auxiliaries engaged in active work. Three million converts, or children of converts, have been added to Protestant Christianity within the hundred years.

Let us clearly understand what this last statement implies. Protestant apologists are accustomed to add up the number of the Protestant nations and confessions in the world, and to display the total as the

strength of the Protestant Church. But we are assured by more careful statisticians that the actual number even of professing Protestants — that is to say, of real or nominal communicants — does not exceed thirty millions. If this estimate be correct, the three million converts from non-Christian religions assume a new significance. For it discloses not only that Protestant Christianity has received an enormous numerical increase of three million converts, but also that this increase bears an important ratio to the actual Protestant Church. So far as can be inferred from the available data, the statistical probability is that the darker races will within the next century constitute a very large proportion of the professing Protestants in the world. For the increase has of late years gone on with cumulative velocity. The missionaries claim, indeed, that their hundred years of labor have produced numerical results not inferior to the first century of Christianity. A comparison of this kind lies beyond the range of ascertained statistics. It receives countenance, however, from several more cautious inductions. The late governor of the Punjab, a scholar and a careful thinker, comes to the conclusion that at no other period since the apostolic age has conversion gone on so quickly. In another great province of India, in which we can absolutely verify the rate of progress, the native Christians are increasing six times more rapidly than the general population.

To a man like myself who, during a quarter of a century, has watched the missionaries actually at their work, the statistics of conversions seem to form but a small part of the evidence. The advance which the missionaries have made in the good opinion of great non-Christian populations well qualified to judge, such as those of India and China, is even more significant than their advance in the good opinion of sensible people at home. I shall speak only of facts within my own knowledge. But I know of no class of Englishmen who have done so much to render the name of England, apart from the power of England, respected in India as the missionaries. I know of no class of Englishmen who have done so much to make the better side of the English character understood. I know of no class who have done so much to awaken the Indian intellect, and at the same time to lessen the dangers of the transition from the old state of things to the new. The missionaries have had their reward. No class of Englishmen receive so much un-

bought kindness from the Indian people while they live; no individual Englishmen are so honestly regretted when they die. What aged viceroy ever received the posthumous honors of affection accorded to the Presbyterian Duff by the whole native press? What youthful administrator has in our days been mourned for by the educated non-Christian community as the young Oxford ascetic was mourned in Calcutta last summer? It matters not to what sect a missionary belongs. An orthodox Hindu newspaper, which had been filling its columns with a vigorous polemic entitled "Christianity Destroyed," no sooner heard of the death of Mr. Sherring than it published an eulogium on that missionary scholar. It dwelt on "his learning, affability, solidity, piety, benevolence, and business capacity." The editor, while a stout defender of his hereditary faith, regretted that "so little of Mr. Sherring's teaching had fallen to his lot." This was written of a man who had spent his life in controversy with the uncompromising Brahmanism of Benares. But the missionary has won for himself the same respect in the south as in the north. If I were asked to name the two men who, during my service in India, have exercised the greatest influence on native development and native opinion in Madras, I should name, not a governor, nor any departmental head, but a missionary bishop of the Church of England, and a missionary educator of the Scottish Free Kirk.

It is considerations of this class that lead many Indian administrators to bear public testimony in favor of missionary work. The careless onlooker may have no particular convictions on the subject, and flippant persons may ridicule religious effort in India as elsewhere. But I think that few Indian administrators have passed through high office, and had to deal with the ultimate problems of British government in that country, without feeling the value of the work done by the missionaries. Such men gradually realize, as I have realized, that the missionaries do really represent the spiritual side of the new civilization and of the new life which we are introducing into India. This view is not the product of a Clapham clique, or of any narrow Evangelical tradition. It is possible that down to a certain period, zeal rather than judgment may have influenced some of the witnesses, although the shrewd and hard sense of Lord Lawrence would certainly have laid bare imposture or exaggeration of whatever sort. But for

twenty years the old Clapham Evangelicalism has been a discredited, and latterly almost a defunct, tradition in India, so far as the great body of the officials are concerned. The opinion of a viceroy like Lord Northbrook, or of a clear-headed administrator like Robert Cust, on the actual value of Indian missionary work is beyond suspicion. Such men range themselves unhesitatingly, as at the late International Conference, on the side of the missionaries. But if you closely watch them, you will find that whenever the spirit of bigotry is in the air they keep out of the way. They never make themselves a party to exaggeration; and if their authority is cited to support views of which they disapprove, they do not fear to protest. One of these gentlemen, at the risk of severing the ties of a lifetime, lately stood forth unhesitatingly to expose what he believed to be the over-statements of the party to which he belonged. I have mentioned two names, because these names are public property in regard to missionary work. But they only form prominent names among a large body of Indian administrators who are deliberately convinced that the missionaries are doing for England the very best work which any private Englishmen can do in India. Mr. Cust took as the motto of his memorable missionary lecture to the youth of Oxford, *Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.*

This national aspect of missionary work has been rather lost sight of amid the outburst of Evangelical enthusiasm during the present century. But it is not a new view. Each of the great European nations who went forth to conquer the world in turn recognized the importance of disclosing the spiritual as well as the material side of its character to the subjected races. Religious instruction not less than military aggrandisement formed the basis of the Portuguese policy in India. Saint Francis Xavier wrote solemnly to King John in 1548 urging that the obligation of spreading Christianity "rests upon the viceroy," and begging his Majesty to bind himself by oath to punish governors who neglected this duty with "close imprisonment for many years." In the next century, when the Dutch expelled the Portuguese from Ceylon, they established the Reformed religion in that island, and required the conformity of the natives as a condition of civil employment. In 1649 the English Parliament passed an act creating a "Corporation for the Promoting and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England" among the Indian

tribes. The *Unitas Fratrum*, or Moravian Brotherhood, which has since won the admiration of Christendom, commenced its missionary labors in 1732 among the slaves of the Danish West Indies, and well earned the official support which the government of Denmark long gave to evangelistic enterprise. George the First of England addressed a royal letter to the missionaries at Tranquebar.

The ascendancy of the East India Company gradually arrayed the policy of Great Britain against attempts at proselytism, until at length Carey, at the end of the last century, founded missionary work definitely on its proper basis of private Christian effort. No sensible man would now propose that the State should interfere; in India any such interference would be a political crime. But this should not make Englishmen blind to the fact that missionaries, especially in India, are doing a really national work; a work not necessarily of conversion, but of conciliation and concord. In spite of occasional disagreements, the missionaries are recognized by the natives as a spiritual link between the governing race and the governed. I believe that the three quarters of a million subscribed for missionary work in India strengthens England's position in that country in a greater measure than if the entire sum were handed over to the government to be expended on education, or on the army, or on any administrative improvement whatsoever.

An important change has come over the methods of missionary work. It is not very long ago since the popular conception of the missionary, derived from many a frontispiece and vignette, was an excited preacher under a palm-tree. A half-ring of blacks of a low physical type listened in attitudes of admiration. This may at one time have represented the facts; it may still represent the facts in parts of the world of which I have no knowledge. But in the great fields of missionary labor, in China, India, and throughout the Mohammedan countries—that is to say, in regard to the religions whose followers outnumber by eightfold the whole Protestant population of the world—it is a mere travesty of the truth. A merely zealous preacher would there find himself surrounded by no gaping circle of admirers, but by amused and caustic critics. As a matter of statistics, the old-fashioned form of "simple preaching" failed to produce adequate results wherever it came in contact with educated races. Nearly three-quarters of the century commemo-

rated by the International Conference had passed away, leaving only fourteen thousand Protestant native communicants in India. During the last thirty years more scientific methods gradually developed, and the number of native communicants increased close on tenfold to one hundred and thirty-eight thousand. Simple preaching often hit hard, and many a random shot told. But the leaders of the church militant now perceive that the Christian campaign must be fought with weapons of precision. During the last twenty-five years the study of the science of religion, or, speaking more accurately, of the histories of religions, has profoundly modified missionary methods.

That study has led the world, and is compelling the Church, to acknowledge the good in other faiths. It has disclosed the services which all the greater religions have performed for mankind, the binding power which they supplied to the feeble social organizations of ancient days, the support which they gave to the nascent moral sense, the function which they have discharged in developing the ideas of national obligation and of domestic duty. It was these religions that removed the most important relationships of life, alike in the family and in the State, from the caprice of individual option, and gave security to human intercourse by sanctions which the individual man did not dare to challenge. For a moment it seemed that this recognition of the noble aspects of other faiths might enervate the energies of our own. One still remembers when Buddhism almost promised to become a fashion at Oxford, and only last autumn a canon of York eloquently declared the merits of Muhammadanism in the *Times*. But all great religions, and especially the Christian religion, have proved that zeal is not incompatible with knowledge. Indeed, without the capacity for solving this permanent problem, no creed could continue great. The science of religion has now stated its main conclusions; but Christian missionary effort has enormously increased in volume, and has distinctly improved in character, quality, and results. It is by no accident that the editor of the "Sacred Books of the East" is also the author of the "Universal Missionary Alphabet." Between the missionary conceptions of the beginning of the century and of the present day there is all the difference between St. Peter at Joppa and St. Paul on Mars Hill. In the non-Christian religions the early Protestant missionaries beheld only anclean things, four-footed beasts of the

earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. The modern missionary to the Hindus takes the tone in which the great proselytizing apostle addressed the Brahmins of Europe at Athens; he quotes their literature, and starting from their devotions at their own altars, he labors to supplant an ignorant worship by an enlightened faith.

This is not the place, and I am not the person, to treat of the theological aspects of missionary work. But the science of religion, or more correctly the study of the development of religions, has armed the missionary with new weapons. In controversial combats, it enables him to wield the sharp blade of historical criticism with an effectiveness hitherto unknown. In dealing with individual inquirers, it qualifies him to point out how the venerable structure of their ancestral belief was no supernatural edifice let down from heaven, but was distinctly and consciously put together at ascertained periods by human hands. In popular appeals, it gives him the means of accurately and powerfully pressing home the claims of the religion which he advocates as against those which he would supersede. For the great religions of the world took their present form in ages when mankind was very unhappy. In the East the logic of extremes accepted, once and for all, the conclusion that existence is in itself a long suffering, and extinction the sole deliverance. Hinduism and Buddhism embodied their deep despondency in different terms — liberation, absorption, or the blowing out of one's being as a woman blows out a lamp. But underlying all their euphemisms is the one conviction that life is not, and cannot be, worth living. Christianity avoided the difficulty arising from the obvious miseries of mankind by another answer. From the first it declared that life might become worth living, if not here yet elsewhere; and the later developments of Christianity have directed their energies to make life worth living here also. Apart from other aspects, Christianity as a help to humanity is a religion of effort and hope; Hinduism and Buddhism are religions of resigned acceptance or of despair. They were true interpreters of Asiatic man's despondency of the possibilities of existence, in the age in which they arose. They are growing to be fundamentally at variance with the new life which we are awakening in India. I believe that Hinduism is still sufficiently plastic to adapt itself to this new world; that it has in it enough of the *vis medica-*

trix nature to cast disused doctrines, and to develop new ones. But the process must be slow and difficult. Christianity comes to the Indian races in an age of new activity and hopefulness, as a fully equipped religion of effort and of hope. And it comes to them in a spirit of conciliation which it did not disclose before. It thus presents its two most practical claims on human acceptance. For, although to a fortunate minority Christianity may be a religion of faith, yet I think that to most of us it is rather a religion of hope and of charity.

I should not be candid if I left the impression that I expect, even with the present improved missionary methods, any large accession from orthodox Hinduism or Islam to the Christian Church. It is rather from the low castes and the so-called aboriginal peoples that I believe direct conversions will chiefly come. At this moment there are fifty millions of human beings in India sitting abject on the outskirts of Hinduism, or beyond its pale, who within the next fifty years will incorporate themselves in one or other of the higher faiths. Speaking humanly, it rests with Christian men and women in England, and with Christian missionaries in India, whether a great proportion of these fifty millions shall accept Christianity, or Hinduism, or Islam. But, apart from direct conversion, the indirect influence of missionaries is a factor of increasing power in the religious future of India. The growth of new theistic sects among the Hindus, such as the Brahmo Soma, under the impulse of Christian teaching, has long been a familiar phenomenon. The Centennial Missionary Conference brought to light corresponding movements among the Muhammadans. The account given by an eye-witness, of exceptional opportunities for observation, and of most commendable caution in statement, regarding the growth of a critical historical school among the Muhammadans in southern India was very significant. In Islam, as in Hinduism, there is an enlightened party who are shaking off the trammels of old superstitions, and are laboring to bring their hereditary faith into accord with the requirements of the times. The treatises which Indian Muhammadans have lately published to disprove the formerly accepted duty of *jihad*, or war against the unbelievers, indicate a political aspect of the new school. It would be untrue to allege that the new school, either among the Hindus or the Muhammadans, show a tendency to accept the Christian faith. It

would be hazardous to assert that they are a direct outcome of missionary teaching. But it is certain that the leader of the new Muhammadan school in the south, and the chief Hindu reformers in the north, are men who have been in close contact with missionaries, and who, both as to the methods employed and the results obtained, are powerful, even when unwilling, witnesses to missionary influence.

To the more enthusiastic advocates of Christian proselytism such a statement may seem vague and perhaps discouraging. But any gain in precision could only be attained by a sacrifice of accuracy. In a country like India, where many new influences are at work, it is not safe to single out any one of them as the cause of complex religious and national movements. We only know that the State does not and cannot give spiritual teaching in its schools; and that, as respects the higher education of the people, the missionary colleges alone redeem Western instruction from its purely secular character. We also know that the modern Indian reformers, whether of Hinduism, or of Islam, or of social hardships like those inflicted by child marriage and the enforced celibacy of widows, are almost invariably men who have been educated in missionary schools or colleges, or who in adult life have deeply conversed with missionaries on the subjects in regard to which they stand forth to lead and enlighten their countrymen. The indirect results of a great spiritual influence, like that of the missionaries, among a susceptible and profoundly religious Asiatic people, do not admit of being expressed in compact formulæ. At the same time I feel that both the supporters and the critics of missionary enterprise have a right to demand some statement of direct results. I shall therefore take the country with reference to which I have personal knowledge, the largest field of missionary labor in the world, and almost the only one in which we can test missionary statistics by a periodical census conducted by official experts. I shall briefly state the facts of missionary progress in India from 1851 to 1881. These thirty years include the whole period for which verified statistics exist, down to the most recent census.

In 1851, the Protestant missions in India and Burmah had 222 stations; in 1881, their stations had increased nearly threefold, to 601. But the number of their churches or congregations had, during the same thirty years, multiplied from 267 to

4,180, or over fifteen-fold. There is not only a vast increase in the number of the stations, but also a still greater increase in the work done by each station within itself. In the same way, while the number of native Protestant Christians increased from 91,092 in 1851, to 492,882 in 1881, or fivefold, the number of communicants increased from 14,661 to 138,254, or nearly tenfold. The progress is again, therefore, not alone in numbers, but also in pastoral care and internal discipline. During the same thirty years, the pupils in mission schools multiplied by threefold, from 64,043 to 196,360. These enormous increments have been obtained by making a larger use of native agency. A native Protestant Church has, in truth, grown up in India, capable of supplying, in a large measure, its own staff. In 1851 there were only 21 ordained native ministers; by 1881 they had increased to 575, or twenty-sevenfold. The number of native lay preachers had risen during thirty years from 493 to the vast total of 2,856. In the opinion of the most cautious of the Anglo-Indian bishops, the time is close at hand or has already arrived, when this great body of Indian converts and of Indian clergy and lay preachers ought to be represented in the episcopate. It is hoped that the Pan-Anglican Synod, now assembling at Canterbury, will find itself able to come to some distinct declaration regarding the appointment of native bishops for the native Church of India.

The foregoing figures are compiled from returns carefully collected from every missionary station in India and Burmah. The official census, notwithstanding its obscurities of classification and the disturbing effects of the famine of 1877, attests the rapid increase of the Christian population. So far as these disturbing influences allow of an inference for all British India, the normal rate of increase among the general population was about 8 per cent. from 1872 to 1881, while the actual rate of the Christian population was over 30 per cent. But, taking the lieutenant-governorship of Bengal as the greatest province outside the famine area of 1877, and for whose population, amounting to one-third of the whole of British India, really comparable statistics exist, the census results are clear. The general population increased in the nine years preceding 1881 at the rate of 10·89 per cent., the Muhammadans at the rate of 10·96 per cent., the Hindus at some undetermined rate below 13·64 per cent., the Christians of all races at the rate of 40·71 per cent., and the na-

tive Christians at the rate of 64·07 per cent.

As regards progress, therefore, the missionaries in India may well look back with thankfulness to the past and with hopefulness to the future. But some of my Hindu friends, when I first published these figures, correctly pointed out that they have another aspect. For, although the rate of increase is great, the net result is small indeed compared with the population of India. They hold that half a million Protestant converts out of two hundred and fifty millions of people is no source of alarm to Hinduism or Islam, and should be a subject of very modest self-gratulation to Christianity. They regard with equanimity this result as a moderate and natural product of the capital expended, and of the energy, ability, and really friendly nature of the agency employed. They point to their own religious activity during the same period, and to the larger totals which have been added to the two great native faiths. They have little fear of Christian effort in the future, because they believe that that effort, although strongly supported by money and made honorable by the lives and characters of its men, does not proceed upon lines likely to lead to important results. The Muhammadan ideal of a missionary is a lean old man with a staff and a couple of ragged disciples. Among the Hindus, for the past twenty-four hundred years, every preacher who would appeal to the popular heart must fulfil two conditions and conform to a certain type—he must cut himself off from the world by a solemn act, like the great renunciation of Buddha; and he must come forth from his solitary self-communings with a simple message to his fellow-men. Our missionaries do not seem to Indian thinkers to possess either of the initial qualifications necessary for any great awakening of the people.

Many years ago, when I lived in an Indian district, and looked out on the world with keen young eyes, I noted down certain personal observations which I may venture to reproduce here. The missionaries enjoyed the popular esteem accorded in India to men of letters and teachers of youth. They were even more highly regarded as the guides who had opened up the paths of Western knowledge, and who were still the pioneers of education among the backward races. The mission printing-presses might almost be said to have created Bengali as a language of literary prose; and they had developed ruder tongues, like Santali or Assamese, into

written vehicles of thought. But whatever might be the self-sacrifices of our missionaries, or the internal conflicts which they passed through, their lives did not appear in the light of a great renunciation. "To the natives," I wrote, "the missionary seems to be a charitable Englishman who keeps an excellent cheap school, speaks the language well, preaches a European form of their old incarnations, and drives out his wife and little ones in a pony-carriage. This friendly neighbor, this affectionate husband, this good man, is of an estimable type, of a type which has done much to raise the English character in the eyes of the natives, but it is not the traditional type to which the popular preacher in India must conform. The missionary has neither the personal sanctity nor the simple message of the visionary who comes forth from his fastings and temptation in the forest. Instead, he has a dogmatic theology which, when he discusses it with the Brahmans, seems to the populace to resolve itself into a wrangle as to the comparative merits of the Hindu triad and the European Trinity, and the comparative evidence for the incarnation of Krishna and the incarnation of Christ. The uneducated native prefers, if he is to have a triad and an incarnation, to keep his own ones. The educated native thinks that triads and incarnations belong to a state of mental development which he has passed."

Since these words were written, a new form of missionary effort has arisen in India. The great Evangelical societies to whom the rapid progress of the past thirty years has been chiefly due go on with their work more actively than ever. But side by side with them, small Christian brotherhoods are springing up—ascetic fraternities living in common, and realizing the Indian ideal of the religious life. In Bombay, in Calcutta, in Delhi, certain houses of Christian celibate brethren are becoming recognized centres of influence among the Indian university youth. They consist of English gentlemen of the highest culture, who have deliberately made up their minds to give their lives without payment to the work. They are indifferent to hardships, fearless of disease, extraordinarily patient of labor, and in no hurry to produce results. The Cambridge Mission at Delhi has got into its hands the chief share in the university teaching in the ancient Mughal capital. Six hundred students in its college and a well-filled hostel attest the confidence which it has gained with the upper and

educated classes, notwithstanding its public training of a constant supply of Christian native youth as masters for the provincial schools. The Oxford Brethren in Calcutta, while conducting a purely Christian seminary, exert their special influence by discussions and personal interviews with the graduates and undergraduates of the university. Every afternoon a brother sits waiting to see any young man who cares to call, and to talk with him on any question which he chooses to start. If he wishes to be alone with the missionary, no one else is present; if two or three youths come together, the missionary is equally at their service. Some of these young men have told me of the patience, the humility, and the dexterous Socratic methods, with which their doubts and difficulties are treated. No one is pushed or hustled to desert his ancestral faith. But every one carries away material for deep reflection. Student clubs formed under the auspices of the Oxford Brotherhood diffuse the effects produced by this private teaching. At their meetings and lectures the brethren meet the Calcutta undergraduates on the common ground of intellectual men interested in the subjects of the day. Young Hindus at the university are anxious not only to listen to them, but to dwell together subject to strict moral regulations under their supervision, if the houses could be procured.

The relations of the Oxford fraternity to the natives are of the courteous Pauline type; the unclean-beast theory regarding non-Christian religions is conspicuously and conscientiously absent. When I was asked to become president of a Hindu society formed in connection with them, I thought it discreet to look first through the reports and epistles of the mission. From first to last I did not come upon the word heathen. One of the offshoots of this activity is a students' club for the critical study of Jesus Christ. I am informed that its members are, with a few exceptions, non-Christian graduates or undergraduates of the university. What should we think if a society arose among the English university youth seriously and accurately to inquire into the teaching of Buddha? The truth is that the example of these Oxford men's lives, their simple and unostentatious asceticism, their daily service to others without a thought of themselves, are creating a deep impression. Their deaths produce a deeper impression still. It would be unwise to overrate the narrow sphere within which

they at present work. But it is difficult to over-estimate the value of their influence within that sphere. I myself do not expect that any Englishman, or any European, will in our days individually bring about a great Christian awakening in India. But I think it within reasonable probability that some native of India will spring up, whose life and preaching may lead to an accession on a great scale to the Christian Church. If such a man arises he will set in motion a mighty movement, whose consequences it is impossible to foresee. And I believe that, if ever he comes, he will be produced by influences and surroundings of which the Oxford Brotherhood in Calcutta is at present the forerunner and prototype.

It is to be regretted that this new form of missionary effort was not represented at the congress of last month. At the same time it is not difficult to appreciate the reasons which led the ascetic Christian brotherhoods, and several of the High Church societies, to abstain from that public demonstration. One cannot help feeling that such gatherings sometimes fail to disclose the most genuine aspects of missionary work. In their eagerness to intensify enthusiasm and to prove their case, they are liable to lapse into methods not calculated to carry conviction to minds which are simply desirous to get at the facts. The first open conference, for example, dealt with a controversy which had filled many columns of the *Times*, and which has since occupied the thoughts of serious men in many lands. Is it true, or is it not true, that the non-Christian races of the world are being rapidly absorbed into Islam, and that Muhammadanism, by its discountenance of strong drink, exercises on the whole a higher moral influence than Christianity? Here were distinct issues in regard to which dignitaries of the Church, experienced travellers, and others well qualified to speak, had ranged themselves on opposite sides. They were issues which delegates from the missionary societies of Europe and America had come to debate. Many of these gentlemen brought the careful observation of a lifetime to the subject, and a little pile of cards had been handed up to the chairman by those who wished to take part in the discussion. Yet, with the full knowledge that the time allowed for the meeting was strictly limited by the hands of the clock, certain zealous persons, in the body of the hall, insisted on interrupting the proceedings by a resolution demanding an interval for prayer. It

is clearly right that such a meeting should commence and should close with an act of devotion. But it is most damaging to the missionary cause that a series of careful statements of evidence should be broken in upon by an irrelevant resolution of this sort. In any other class of meeting a chairman would decorously ignore such a proposal. But at Exeter Hall he is made to feel that this course is not open to him. A speaker who followed with a unique personal knowledge of the facts was coldly received, and some of the subsequent proceedings had a declamatory character adapted rather to elicit cheers than to leave behind conviction.

I am convinced that the really noble work done by the missionaries abroad often suffers, in the opinion of candid and serious men, from the methods employed at home. It suffers also from a vague but general impression that only a part of the evidence appears. It is well known that many experienced missionaries believe the chief obstacles to the spread of Christianity are to be found in certain degrading customs and institutions which make themselves specially prominent in Christian communities. Among this class of thinkers, the professor of Chinese at Oxford holds a distinguished place. His thirty-four years of successful labor as a missionary, his erudition, his orthodoxy, and the unrivalled position which he holds as the translator and expounder of the sacred books of China, give weight and authority to his views. He holds that as long as Christianity presents itself infected with the bitter internal animosities of the Christian sects, and associated with the habits of drunkenness and the social evil conspicuous among Christian nations, it will not do its work, because it does not deserve to do its work, in the non-Christian world. When Professor Legge was asked to take part in the Centennial Conference, he explained that he would have to put forward clearly his convictions — with the result that he did not take part in it at all. It may be that some of the ground which he would have occupied lay beyond its scope, and could not be satisfactorily dealt with by it. But incidents like these, although perhaps isolated ones, tend to weaken the authority of such an assemblage, and to create a suspicion among fair-minded men that they have not been placed in full possession of the facts.

I have thought it right to refer to these defects because I feel that I should be chargeable with the same one-sided advocacy if I feared to raise my voice against

them. I think that the late congress, in its fifty meetings, gave a true and, on the whole, an accurate and a complete presentment of missionary work. I know that its projectors and managers were sincerely desirous to overstate nothing and to conceal nothing. But I cannot help feeling that these good intentions were sometimes overborne by the old hankering after unctuous declamation which at one time made missionary statements sneered at even by clergymen, and suspected by all accurate critics, whether clerical or lay. The able biographer of Carey has acknowledged that occasion was given by at least one coadjutor of that truly great man for Sydney Smith's ridicule. The time has come for missionaries themselves, and for those who have watched the simple and noble spirit in which they labor, to protest against every form of exaggeration or insincerity in popular expositions of their work. They must purge their cause of bigotry and cant: of bigotry, such as the injustice which some pious people in England do to the Roman Catholic clergy in India; to that great Church which is quietly and with small worldly means educating, disciplining, and consoling a Christian population three times more numerous than all the Protestant converts in India put together; of cant, such as the tirades against caste and other indigenous institutions, which accomplish for a densely crowded tropical population what the primitive Church did for its own little communities, and what later Christianity fails to effect, namely to support the poor without State aid. You may pass a whole life in contact with the missionaries who are doing the actual toil, without having to listen to a single insincerity. The results of their labor need neither overstatement nor concealment. I believe that those results justify the expenditure of money, and the devotion of the many lives, by which they are obtained. And I am convinced that if Englishmen at home knew the missionaries simply as they are, there would be less doubt as to the merit of their claims and as to the genuine character of their work.

W. W. HUNTER.

From *The Spectator*.

THE USE OF PARADOX.

THE Paradox Club, to which Mr. Edward Garnett has just introduced us in

an agreeable little book * distinguished by a good deal of poetical feeling, appears to use the word "paradox" rather in the general sense of unnatural or extravagant, than in its more proper sense of that which administers a kind of slap in the face to conventional opinion, in order to make those who entertain the conventional opinion better understand not necessarily that they are wrong, but certainly that they have forgotten how very far from plain-sailing it is to be right. The use of paradox is to awaken people to the various unsolved difficulties and evident shortcomings in judgments which seem to be conspicuous for their good sense, and which may, indeed, really be as near an approach to good sense as any judgment on the subject which could be embodied in anything like the same number of words, but which conceal half the obstacles in the way of holding the opinion adopted, and foreshorten all that they do not conceal. Thus, it is not a paradox to say, as one of the Paradox Club says, "In apprenticing a boy to the most humdrum business, we can guarantee his future, provided he is fairly dishonest;" or, as another of the club says who maintains the superiority of woman to man, "The time is approaching when man will have the courage to sacrifice himself to his convictions, and refuse to drive a woman to the degradation of marrying her inferior." These are extravagant sayings, but they are not paradoxes. A paradox is a saying which, by its apparently flat contradiction of what is ordinarily taken to be true, forces us to think more deeply of the assumptions involved in that ordinary thought, as, for instance, the Greek paradox that "the half is often more than the whole." This saying brings vividly before the mind how much better it is to set other people fairly thinking for themselves on a great question, than to think it fully out for them, since in the former case you get their minds into activity, and give them a motive for keeping up that activity after your stimulus is removed; whereas if you round off the process for them and satisfy them, they probably relapse into inactivity almost as soon as they have followed you to the end. So, too, it was a paradox when Lessing said that if there were held out to him in one hand truth, and in the other the love of truth, and he might choose freely between the two, he would prefer the latter to the former,—a paradox

* The Paradox Club. By Edward Garnett. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

which really outparadoxes paradox, because it is simply impossible for any one who with all his heart desires the truth, to be willing to rest in the condition of unsatisfied desire, and to forego the attainment of what he so profoundly yearns for. But though Lessing's was a paradox which exceeds all legitimate paradoxes, and, so to speak, gives itself the lie in the very moment of utterance, Lessing had, of course, a real meaning in it, and that meaning was that the *active* love of truth (which, far from being satiated and chloroformed into indifference by the possession of truth, would only be stimulated to propagating the truth found in new fields and to the prosecution of new truth) is a far better thing than torpid and indolent acquiescence in true propositions, which though it exercises a man's memory, need not stir a single new ripple of life in either his intellect or his heart. Hence, though Lessing's paradox exceeded the bounds of paradox, it answered the purpose of calling attention to the essential characteristic of the love of truth, — that it is not a wish to possess something that we can keep within ourselves, but a wish to be possessed by something greater and nobler than ourselves. In the same way, Cardinal Newman was always fond of legitimate paradox, — though he kept his paradox well within the bounds which Lessing permitted it to pass, — as for instance, when he said that the first condition for the capacity of true spiritual love was to be capable of true spiritual hate : —

And wouldst thou reach, rash scholars mine,
Love's high unruffled state?
Awake! Thy easy dreams resign,
First learn thee how to hate;

Hatred of sin, and zeal, and fear,
Lead up the holy hill;
Track them till charity appear
A self-denial still.

Dim is the philosophic flame,
By thought severe unfed:
Book-lore ne'er served when trial came,
Nor gifts, when faith was dead.

The paradox there which draws attention to the difference between the higher love and mere kindness or the wish to make every one more comfortable, asserts that the former implies all kinds of bitter self-denial, and often the special self-denial of making even those who are dearest very much the reverse of comfortable, and so is a very happy illustration of what a paradox should be. Probably no man has ever been capable of the high-

est charity to whom that highest charity has not at times been a self-denial, as it must have been to St. Paul, when he first admitted the thought that those whom he had, with a good conscience, been persecuting for their desertion of orthodox Judaism, were perhaps more deeply possessed by the love of God than himself. St. Paul was, indeed, just an instance of what Dr. Newman meant by saying that the power to hate truly what is evil must be involved in the power to love truly what is good, and must, indeed, usually precede the growth of the highest kind of love. There is a power to hate in all the noblest love, as there is a power to love in all the noblest hate, which prevents personal feeling of either kind from degenerating into "respect of persons," — that is, into a passion which has regard to the person only, and not to the deeper spiritual quality which either dignifies or degrades the person. Thus, nothing shows more completely the deficiency in Shelley's apparently angelic power of love, than his deficiency in the power to hate what is hideous in those whom he supposed himself to love. His treatment of his friend Hogg, for instance, after Hogg's most disgraceful conduct towards his wife, betrays the elf-like character of Shelley's nature, which had not in it the highest capacity of love because it had not in it the highest capacity of hate.

But the freest use of paradox for the purpose of calling attention to the truth which conventional common sense misses through the automatic character of the habits of mind by which it lives, is to be found in some of the greatest of the inspired writings. Thus, Isaiah is one of the greatest masters of poetical paradox in the literature of the world, as, for example, when he enlarges on the blessings of affliction or the fertility which is engendered in the heart of barren desolation: "Sing, O barren, thou that didst not bear; break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child; for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord." And, again, where has there been a nobler flight of imagination than in the passage in which the prophet calls upon those who have no money to buy and eat, to buy wine and milk "without money and without price"? No other language could have made so startling the contrast between the poverty of the blessings which are bought with human wealth and the riches of those which are bought without it, though not without lavishing freely the

treasures of the heart and soul. But the most fruitful use of paradox that was ever made is the use of it made by the Saviour himself in words that have probably pierced deeper than any other words in the Gospel, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." That is paradox, but paradox which opens the deepest meanings of life, instead of paradox which leads astray by the extravagance of false analogies.

The need for paradox is no doubt rooted deep in the very nature of the use we make of language. Just as everything that we do habitually, we come to do automatically, without being in any real sense conscious of what we do, or even of the purposes in the execution of which we first did it, so language is no sooner employed habitually than it comes to be used as a mere algebra, — to the meaning of which we pay no more attention than we pay to the particular sounds that go to make up the ringing of a bell which reminds us that certain daily duties have to be done. And there is no harm in this when the only object of the language is to remind us of the mechanical duties which we have to discharge; but, unfortunately, there is harm in it when the use to which we ought to turn our words is to remind us of the great realities of life, and when they fail to do so simply from the narcotic influence of habitual use. Then we need awakening anew to the old significance which lay beneath the words which have ceased to exert any magic over us; and nothing awakens to the true meaning of language like paradox, which, while it appears to contradict the superficial sense attaching to the formulas of our daily life, really points to the hidden depth beneath them and the unseen height above, and restores to us the freshness and the wonder of the thoughts which had shrivelled with our constant manipulation of them till they seemed to have lost their sap. This function of paradox is the same which is ascribed to that divine life itself which makes all things new, — and which the human poet or creator humbly shares with the creative power of God himself:

He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke and loosed our hearts in tears,
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,

Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd, for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE MUSIC OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

IN spite of their remarkable conservatism, the Jews have preserved no traces of any national music of their own; and it would be absolutely correct to say that traditional melodies of undoubted antiquity are next to unknown in the service of the synagogue. This is not the general view taken by writers whose ideas are grounded upon the beliefs current among orthodox Jews; for the latter hold some extremely fanciful notions about the origin of the airs to which many of their prayers are sung. The Sephardim, or southern Jews, assert that the "Shirah," or Song of Moses, as it is chanted in the morning service, is still the identical melody composed and sung by Miriam when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The Polish and northern Jews hold that the air to which they sing the "Oléna Le' Shabeah," or Ascription of Praise, on the New Year and Day of Atonement, was expressly taught to Moses the lawgiver when he spent forty days on Mount Sinai, and that he afterwards taught it the Israelites. Last year — at a concert given, if we recollect aright, at the St. James's Hall — the "Kol Nidré," or Remission of Vows of the Eve of Atonement, was given as a specimen of synagogue music; and the audience were on that occasion informed that the melody was one of the most ancient preserved among the Jews. As a matter of fact, the melody is comparatively modern, and it is quite unknown to more than half of the Hebrews throughout the world. The southern Jews have a totally different way of chanting it; while the Eastern synagogues, following the most ancient custom of all, simply recite the formula. The old Jews — who understood, at all events, the meaning of the Chaldaic words they used — would no more have dreamed of setting a formula like "Kol Nidré" to an air such as the Polish Jews have adopted than the Protestants of this country would think of adapting the Prayer for the Royal Family to a popular chorus.

Rather more than a thousand years ago the rabbinical schools of Palestine invented a musical system—or, more correctly speaking, a system of musical signs—appropriated to the public “reading of the law” on Sabbaths and festivals, one of the most important functions of the synagogue. And it is in connection with this reading of the law that one would naturally look for some traces of the ancient music of the Jews. From time immemorial the recitation of the sacred books in the synagogue has been a sort of musical declamation, more or less florid; and the Talmud (Megillah 32, end, for instance) has many references to the employment of certain melodies for the purpose. This mode of recitation was originally propagated through many generations by oral instruction, and, oddly enough, by manual signs. These signs were “made by the right hand,” as Talmud Berachoth (62 a) explains, and continued in use long after a written notation was adopted—in Yemen the Arabian Jews still employ them. About the end of the seventh century the synagogues made an attempt to represent the cantillation of the law by a system of written signs introduced in the text. The Greek and Syriac Churches had about this time perfected their systems of musical notation, and this it no doubt was that stirred up the Palestinian Jews to undertake something of the same kind. The result was the adoption of the *neqinuth* or *ta'amim*, often called “tonic accents,” which are marked in every printed Hebrew Bible along with the vowel points. As a musical sign each of these accents denotes an entire musical phrase, and as such embraces several notes—precisely like the *neumes* of the early Latin Church. In this way the traditional modulation of each word was fixed, and the reader acquainted with the musical value of each sign was furnished with all that was needful for the correct cantillation or recitation of the sacred books. But, while the signs remain unchanged and fixed to this day, the original musical value of the *ta'amim* appears to have been lost in great part if not entirely. The Sephardim and southern Jews sing them one way; the Polish and northern Jews in another and totally different fashion; the Karaite Jews have their way of chanting them; the Caucasian Jews have forgotten their musical value; and those of Kurdistan—the most ancient Hebrew communities that exist—do not agree with any of the others in their mode of singing the text of the Pentateuch. Of

course the Sephardim maintain that their modulation is the ancient one, and so do the Jews of northern Europe. But the two modes of recitation have nothing whatever in common—even the rhythm of the signs is dissimilar. Germans and Portuguese differ, moreover, among themselves in the musical value they attach to each *ta'am*; and the utmost that can be said with any certainty is that the Eastern Jews and the Sephardim or Spanish Jews appear to have preserved in their cantillation some traces of the ancient mode of reciting the law.

If it has fared thus with the musical declamation of the sacred text for which a system of musical signs was actually invented by the rabbins, it may easily be imagined what has happened in the case of ancient synagogue melodies which no means were taken to preserve. There may, perhaps, be a trace of old Jewish music in the solemn “Benediction of the Priests” on high days and festivals, as chanted in the Spanish and Portuguese synagogues. It is extremely simple, consisting of no more than six notes, repeated for each of the two-and-twenty words forming the blessing; and the character of the melody is thoroughly Oriental. But then, again, it is unlike the melody of the true Eastern Jews, who have possibly a better tradition, since the continuity of their existence as communal bodies has, in many instances, remained unbroken for more than eighteen centuries. Besides, the Jews of northern Europe have no fewer than six different and distinct airs to which they chant the benediction. It seems probable that each of the three or four main divisions of Jews adopted a melody derived and altered a little from the popular music of the country in which they dwelt; for in every case the airs employed in the liturgy of the synagogue have a marked affinity with the national music of the land in which we find them in use. This would account not only for the differences we find existing throughout Jewry, but for the peculiar characteristics of synagogue music wherever we examine it. Of course, some persons may feel disposed to agree with the learned Jew Dr. de Solla—quoted by Carl Engel in his work on “The Music of the Most Ancient Peoples”—that the very fact of the melodies of the synagogue differing in each country is an additional proof of their common origin and antiquity. But this is not a view likely to commend itself to people with a common-sense regard for the value of evidence. That the Jews

should have adopted for liturgical purposes the music of the peoples surrounding them, modified a little by their Eastern predilections, is quite in accordance with what we know to have been their practice in other matters. And it may be worth pointing out that in every country he has visited the writer of this paper has found a marked resemblance between the favorite melodies of the synagogue and the popular airs of the gypsies.

From The Spectator.

PEERS AND AUCTIONEERS.

WE note, and note with regret, a change which has occurred in the opinion of the highly placed as to the propriety of selling their art property by auction. When Stowe was dismantled, their opinion was, we believe, that the great sale, with its enormous publicity, its days of exhibition, and its columns of newspaper reports, involved a kind of discredit to the order not compensated for by the kind of wonder which the catalogue excited, though that was very great. Till Stowe was plundered, ordinary mankind hardly knew what treasures a great house might hold, or what was the price at which a really great noble kept up the "sustained statefulness" of his daily life. The wonder, however, was, like wonder at a great bankruptcy, not honorific. It is necessary to pay debts honestly, and the reigning duke was believed to have made his great sacrifice chiefly to secure that end; but still, there was among his fellows something of a sense of shock, as if the dukedom itself had somehow been put up to auction. Great houses, it was felt, should not advertise their distress, and if they must part with their possessions, should do it silently, and without the undignified intervention of auctioneers. We should all feel that, if a king were bankrupt, even now; and when the writer was young, it was felt about the heads of the great families. Even the stripping of Hamilton Palace, though it occurred so much later, excited much comment, for it was stripped rather out of convenience than of absolute necessity, and there was an impression that at least the historic furniture might have been saved by its hereditary possessors. That feeling, however, grew gradually weaker, and has now entirely passed away. The great nobles sell their goods as readily as dealers in *bric-à-brac*, and a Cecil seeks the aid of the ivory

hammer as readily as a Smith. The great prices obtainable for all rare or noted articles, whether paintings, or books, or furniture, or jewels, tempt embarrassed men beyond their endurance, tempt them as their old trees used to tempt their grandfathers, and they sell without a thought of discredit. They do not wait to be ruined, or even seriously threatened with ruin; but the moment money becomes scarce, and retrenchment unavoidable, they stave off the disagreeable necessity by applying to the auctioneer. They go to Christie and Manson as readily as their servants go to the pawnbroker. The library usually goes first, as the amenity they will least miss, then the china if it is very good, then the historic furniture, and last of all the pictures, perhaps because pictures one has looked at all one's life make such gaps as they disappear. Of shame there is evidently none; and of regret, we fear, often very little, except when, as sometimes happens, the sale turns out, from some caprice of the weather or of fashion, less profitable than was expected. Great men in our day would hardly understand the pathos of the scene at Ellangowan, and wonder why young Hazelden was vexed when his mother sent to him to bid for her old acquaintance's "ebony cabinet."

It is not a good change, and, as we said, we regret the growing frequency of these sales. They are contrary to the public interest, and they mark a decline in the depth of the feeling embodied in the phrase, *Noblesse oblige*. They are contrary to the public interest in two ways. Every great sale of the kind is followed by the departure from England of many things rare, or beautiful, or exceedingly instructive. In spite of the laws of equal division, the millionaires of the Continent buy freely at such sales, more especially the pictures, while the rich Americans seem ready to strip England of every valuable she possesses. They would give millions for Westminster Abbey if they could carry it away, and would bid for the contents of the Bodleian in lots of a thousand volumes. They hardly care what prices they give, so that they may be protected against their own uncertainties of taste by authenticated pedigrees, and rare books can hardly be rescued from their hands. We hope they love them, and perhaps they do, your true American being capable of slow meditation; but in any case the books are lost to Europe, and disappear beyond the ken even of the dealers, sometimes, we fear, to the serious

increase of the risks to which they are exposed. Then, even if Englishmen buy the treasures — and the new men of money are fairly good in that way, though they calculate too closely — the treasures sink into comparative obscurity. The new purchasers do not show them except at an occasional exhibition, when they are thoroughly insured. A great house is often a great museum, and its treasures as accessible to students as if they were in the hands of trustees for the nation. They are kept, with the exception sometimes of the books, with sufficient care, and are shown with courtesy and without too many formalities. The separate buyers hide up their treasures, not intentionally, but as it were accidentally, the trace of them being partially lost to inquirers, who, again, thought they had rights as against the great noble which they have not as against the unknown millionaire. (That feeling comes out in the oddest way in the sort of claim so constantly made to see even the private rooms of a great house, and to disregard the efforts made to confine visitors to show-days.) The treasures, in fact, or part of them, vanish from public view, and a means of art education which is, at all events for a few, a very effective one, is gradually lost. Those who deny this may reflect what Japanese workmen will be like when the last Japanese bit of work more than a hundred years old has been shipped away to Paris. Italians recognize this so keenly, that it is an offence to sell art treasures out of Italy, and we believe that shortly after 1870 a law of the same kind was seriously proposed for Germany. It would be ridiculous in a country like this, ruled by the commercial spirit, to propose so drastic a remedy, and, indeed, we should be sorry to see it applied as against Americans and Australians, who will need by-and-by the instruments of civilization in art; but we may be permitted to regret the gradual impoverishment of our own country, whether through the exportation of treasures or their concealment. Thought will not suffer because rare editions grow scarce, but knowledge will, and that kind of literary diet which helps, in however small a degree, to diffuse the knowledge of curious literary flavors.

There is a loss, too, as we said, in these sales, or rather, in the growing frequency of these sales, which is a severe one to society, though not perhaps to the whole community. The great families still do much to form tone, especially among the newly rich, and the highly cultivated tone

is a far better one than the tone either of luxury or display. Better be proud of a gallery than of a stable or a hothouse. Families will be ruined and debts must be paid; but the noble who will live in a corner of his palace rather than part with his books, or his pictures, or the accustomed things which make up his lettered dignity of life, exerts a better influence than the noble whose single concern is that his stables should not be reduced, or his gardens run wild, or his retinue grow perceptibly less. Dismiss a footman to save a statuette. If there is to be an aristocracy at all — and England, we may rely on it, is not yet civilized enough to dispense with every kind of involuntary teaching class — it had better be a cultivated one capable of caring to accumulate treasures of art and literature, bred up among things that are beautiful, and aware of lives other than those of the gamekeeper, the jockey, and the hunter after women. It is better that as there must be, or, at any rate, will be, rich men that they should inhabit houses celebrated for something besides magnificence, and care for something other than a display of wealth. We prefer the man who buys ivories to the man who buys plate, and would rather money were given for old carvings than for the last new remittances from Kimberley. The Medicean ideal purified is not a bad one for the rich, though it is not the best; and it is, at any rate, better than the desire to have money for luxury at any cost, even that of a degradation of taste. Mr. Mill has told us what he owed to his generous life at Ford Abbey, and the spirit which strips the Ford Abbeys scattered over England of the things which make them perfect, rather than endure retrenchment or privation, is in its essence a spirit selfish and mean. One likes the man who would give up a meal a day rather than part with a picture, and the liking is not quite so sentimental as the tradesmen would suppose. Such a man's motives may not be the highest, may be, in fact, rather unconscious mental habits than motives of any sort; but still, he is capable of self-suppression; and the other man, who sells his grandfather's books that he may continue to give dinners, is not. Of course, if debts can only be paid by such sales, as in the Stowe case, there is an end of the matter, for the claims of honesty will justify anything in the way of sales, except, indeed, the cutting down of old trees. That is minor murder, inexcusable on any pretence whatever, and involving the unhappy creditor who is to be paid

with the money in a great public wrong. It is wicked to make him even the unconscious cause of so transcendent an offence against the beauty with which the Creator has clothed the world. Even a money-lender ought not to be treated in that way, not though he cries aloud, as he usually does cry, that he fails to see the crime. His induration of conscience is no excuse for making him do evil. Thugs do not see the villainy of murder, and there are men on earth who would cut down an avenue two hundred years old rather than a creditor should remain unpaid, and creditors who would take money so procured without perishing of shame. It is not of much use, we fear, to sermonize such a world.

From St. James's Gazette.
MY ROOKS.

A ROOKERY has long been established in some lofty elms in the churchyard near my vicarage and in a large oak which grows hard by; but these trees have become overcrowded with nests, and few suitable forks for building in are now available. The birds refuse to build in some neighboring limes and sycamores, which are quite as tall as the elms; the reason being, as I imagine, that the roughness of the bark of oaks and elms makes it easier to wedge in the twigs which form the foundation of the nest than in the case of smooth barked trees. Rooks never make their nests of dead sticks, which would be brittle and insecure; but when the nesting season comes they may be seen wrenching off live twigs with their powerful beaks.

Three years ago two young couples, disgusted with the crowded state of the rookery, resolved to establish a colony in some elms growing in my garden just opposite my study window. The distance from the rookery to these elms is hardly two hundred yards, but the patriarchs of the rookery did not approve of the design. A council was summoned to debate the matter, and the conduct of the headstrong young people was discussed for several days with much animation. Ultimately it was decided that the proceedings of the foolhardy young people ought not to be allowed to go on, and an elderly rook was deputed to remonstrate with them. He did so, but quite without success; and then several deputations came over to explain matters more at length. But the

young ones thought they knew better than their elders, and paid no attention to the representations of the deputation. Accordingly, they were left alone till the nests were completed; and then the whole rookery came down to put justice into execution. The nests were demolished twig by twig; and the young folks, seeing that resistance was hopeless, had to build their nests in the churchyard elms.

Next spring the rebellion was renewed, the emigrants being reinforced by another pair, probably their own offspring; and three nests were built in my trees. Another council was now called in the rookery; the same decision was come to; the remonstrances were repeated, and were again disregarded. But this time no punishment was decreed; the old rooks evidently coming to the conclusion that it would be better to let the obstinate young people find out for themselves the error of their ways. They had done their duty and would do no more. One nest, close to a public road, was abandoned; but the remainder were completed, the eggs were laid, and four young birds were hatched and reared in safety. No ill consequences having ensued, this spring six nests were built in my garden; the young rooks having, I imagine, found mates in the parent rookery. Such an event as the establishment of a new rookery caused some talk in the village; and thus it was that I discovered the motive of the old rooks' remonstrances. Several years ago, certainly not less than fourteen, a similar attempt to form a new colony had been made; and my predecessor, annoyed by the noise of the adventurers, had ordered them to be shot. Evidently, that circumstance had been remembered. And thus several facts seem to be established: the longevity of rooks, the retentiveness of their memories, their possession of a language, or at least of means of communicating ideas, and the establishment of laws for the welfare of the community.

Rooks are not destitute of moral sentiments, or at all events of laws of social morality. There is a well-authenticated story of a pair of rooks being detected in stealing sticks from neighboring nests to save the trouble of breaking them off for themselves. A high court of justice was impanelled, the guilty pair were tried and condemned, and their nests — by that time nearly completed — were pulled down as a punishment and a warning. It is well known that when rooks are feeding in a field sentinels are stationed on the summits of hedgerow trees to look out for the

approach of foes; it is not so well known that the sentinels are changed from time to time. Meanwhile, the rest feed on in security, wasting no time in looking out for dangers. Now a blackbird or a thrush loses more than half his feeding-time in glancing about to discover whether any enemy is approaching; and so we see what an excellent arrangement is this of the rooks.

Rooks lay two eggs in each nest. The young birds grow so fast and require so much food that the parents would probably be unable to support a larger family. The young rooks are hatched just at the time of the spring tillage, when grubs are easily to be procured by following the plough. The great fat white larva of the maybug (*Melolontha vulgaris*) and the wire-worm, which is the larva of a skip-jack (*Elatér obscurus*), form, I believe, the staple of the food procured from the furrows. In about a fortnight the young birds get out of the nests and begin to associate, generally on the leeward trees of the rookery. All the young rooks caw for food when any old bird approaches; but the old birds know their own young, and pick them out from the rest in spite of the vociferous appeals of their cousins on the neighboring boughs. In another week the old birds begin to teach the young ones to fly. A savory grub is brought to a bough a few feet to leeward of the young rook, which is encouraged to make an effort and flap across to his parent. But very soon they begin to fly from tree to tree or wheel round in short circles. When they are able to fly as far as the feeding-grounds (perhaps a mile away), each of the old birds takes separate charge of one of the young ones and teaches it how to find grubs.

The crow family, to which the rook belongs, is now placed by ornithologists at the head of the bird world, as being more highly organized than any other. Linnæus, as we all know, gave the post of honor to the eagles because of their kingly quality of rapacity. The eagles were then dethroned in favor of the thrushes, by reason of the higher development of their vocal organs; but now the two greatest authorities on ornithology, Professor Parker and Professor Newton, agree in assigning the highest place to the *corvidæ*, on account of their wit and wisdom, their development of social habits, their sub-rationality, and their possession of larger brains in proportion to the weight of the body than those of any other birds. Rooks illustrate in their social instincts the de-

velopment of the moral sentiments; but their near relations the raven and the jackdaw are more like us in their secretiveness and their thievish propensities.

From The Saturday Review.
THE FUNCTION OF CATS.

A MERCIFUL Providence is metaphorically said to have made the back of the domestic cat exceeding broad, in exquisite adaptation to the moral load which that anatomical structure has to carry. We all know that most fires are due to cats. Cats are culpably careless in the use of matches. Even Messrs. Bryant and May have scarcely been able, by their excellent and ingenious invention, to correct the influences of feline rashness. It is a far too common thing for a cat, after lighting a cigar, to throw a wax vesta or a deadly fusee upon the carpet or the bare boards. These animals will leave candles in immediate proximity to curtains, and forget all about them in an exciting chase after mice that have as much right to live as themselves. A cat has been known to turn on the gas, and then, hearing a scratching behind the wainscot, to become absorbed for half an hour before applying the flame, with consequences which can be imagined, and, therefore, if Mr. Henry James will pardon us for saying so, need not be described. Cats, too, are addicted to the pernicious practice of smoking in bed, especially Persian cats, who cannot otherwise perform their allotted task of reading through the "Arabian Nights" twice a year. Now, as it is notorious that no cat will endure a cover to his pipe, we need not point out the great dangers we are in by this unhappy levity. But there is really no end to the responsibility of cats, who are without any sense of shame, and appear to be most imperfectly acquainted with the laws which govern the ignition of inflammable bodies. How many fires they cause in London from January to December, Captain Shaw alone knows. It is only necessary to mention their too familiar habit of saving themselves trouble by carrying hot coals in a shovel from one room to another; for on this occasion we may avoid the painful topic of the frauds which they too often perpetrate at the expense of insurance companies. When all these things are taken into consideration, we need not wonder, however deeply we may be grieved, at the number of fires whose origin is assigned in official reports

to the agency of these noxious and ubiquitous quadrupeds. But we may venture to express our regret that Captain Shaw should have omitted all mention of them in the learned disquisition on fires which he has contributed to *Murray's Magazine* for July. Cats are a powerful interest, and in the prevailing flabbiness of public opinion few have the moral courage to speak the truth about them.

Excellent is the spirit of Dr. Low, an officer of the Local Government Board, who merits the respect and gratitude of the whole community for having brought out the facts about cats without flinching. No cat, after the publication of Dr. Low's memorandum, can shelter himself behind the miserable plea of ignorance from the duty of at once answering the charge that, whatever may be his recreations and amusements, his serious business in life is the spread of diphtheria. It is the more courageous in Dr. Low to state this because certain Irish-American cats are more than suspected of having attempted to blow up the premises of the Local Government Board with dynamite about five years ago. Undeterred by these lucid memories, Dr. Low charges into the ranks of our feline tyrants with desperate determination. He accuses them, not by insinuation or innuendo, but in plain and unmistakable terms, of having caused an

epidemic of diphtheria at Ealing. The method in which this detestable plot was carried out is truly diabolical. A number of associated cats, whom Dr. Low, for obvious reasons, abstains from naming, conspired to eat the remnants of the food, and drink the remainder of the milk, which had been served to diphtheritic patients. Thus primed for their horrible work, they selected a number of healthy children, with whom they began to play. The children were particularly attentive to the cats, because the cats appeared to be unwell. Such is the lot of children, who never tease animals, though animals are constantly teasing them. We draw a veil over the sequel, merely remarking that Dr. Low, as becomes his high position, has no doubt that the children were infected in this precise way. The *Standard* treats the painful subject in a reprehensibly frivolous spirit, even suggesting that cabs, railway carriages, bank-notes, and library books are as bad as cats. The germs of infection are, it is to be feared, everywhere, and life would become impossible if we were always speculating on the chances of coming within the grasp of disease. Meanwhile it is desirable that criminal cats should be brought to justice, and that contaminated articles — edible, potable, or otherwise — should be destroyed.

A RUSSIAN GENERAL'S GIPSY QUARTERS.

—A charming sketch of the quarters of the chief architect of the Transcaspian Railway, General Annenkoff, is given in the *Petersburger Zeitung*. Nearly midway between Samarkand and Amu-Daria, says a correspondent at the gipsy encampment, on a soil of clay and gravel, stands the railway train in which we live. It consists of from forty to fifty carriages. The first carriage is the residence of General Annenkoff; on the lower floor are his workroom, his sleeping apartment, and the rooms of his secretary; on the upper floor are the quarters of the servants and interpreters. The second carriage is the general dining-hall, in which from twelve to twenty persons breakfast and have dinner — namely, the officers of the railway battalion, the officials, the secretary, and invited and casual visitors. The casual visitors are persons who have come by the new railway which has not yet been publicly opened, and who are on their way further into the country. The next carriages are made into a kitchen and a pantry, which is replenished by purchases at the two nearest towns and at the surrounding villages. One of the general's servants drives twice a week to

Tchardshui to buy white bread, vegetables, and now and then excellent fish and fresh caviar. The Bucharan beef and mutton are very good and cheap; the natives have plenty of poultry for sale, and enormous quantities of wild ducks, thousands of which have their homes on the inland lakes. Dried fruit, rice, and oatmeal are bought of the Persian traders who follow the new railway line, and Bucharan melons, the excellence of which Sultan Ibn Batnia recognized as long ago as 1335, and pomegranates are every day brought fresh to our doors. The officers' carriages are charmingly decorated with carpets and rugs which the emir has sent them. On the upper floors of their carriages their servants and grooms have their rooms, and the saddle-horses live in front of the train, where they are tied to posts. A post and telegraph office, a hospital with a doctor's residence, and a chemist's shop complete the staff quarters, besides which there are a number of carriages for soldiers and workmen. At Kisil-Tepo the station is finished, and at many other stations across the lines the work is briskly going on, and thousands of newly planted streets and trees round them are just beginning to shoot.



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